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What My Life is Like.

My life is like the summer rose,
Blooming 'neath the morning sky,
That when the shades of evening close
It fades and falls but not to die;
For o'er that rose's humble bed,
Lingering fragrance still is shed,
That breathes of sweet life yet to be,
And such, I know, may come to me.

My life is like the ocean main,
That rolls its waves on Tampa's strand
The rising flood will ebb again,
And leave behind the shining sand;
And as that ebbing tide shall pour,
Back to the waveless quiet sea,
So, when life's troubled dream is o'er,
A holy calm will come to me.

"Good Times."

Twp happy words like far-off chimes
Sound cheerily to men: "Good Times."
Half-hushed in distance t' ough they seem,
Their peal calls back hope gone astray,
And sings of help not far away—
A daily trust, a nightly dream.

Ah when, ah how, shall be fulfilled
This deep desire, of God instilled?
Mock not the yearnings of our race,
The forethought of some final good
Which first flashed into human mood
When sword flames blanched the first man's face!

For poet, warrior, saint and king
Have served those chimes "Good Times" that ring,
In strength of deed and song and prayer
And shall we say that, serpent-like,
Man on himself must turn and strike
The fangs of death, in last despair?

Despairing that the earth should know
An ending of the reign of woe?
Nay, hearken! Still that song, "Good Times"!
Through storm and shine, from sea to sea,
That music, wrought invisibly,
Floats still, to fill all lands and climes.

Like bells of churches built for Christ—
The meek, rejected, sacrificed.
The Promised and the Promiser—
Like holy bells, this glad refrain
Shall greet the coming year again,
And set fond hearts with joy astir.

Yet dream not that the goal is won,
A thousand courses round the sun
Have steeped the world in broader light;
But woe is me!—look back, look back:
The fairest seasons in our track
Are but dead leaves, and dim as night.

And lo! where echoing spires arise
And kiss, to-day, the morning skies,
To-night the shapes of wrong and shame—
A quicksand shoal of faces—pass
And wither from the glare of gas
Back to the wild haunts whence they came.

What though the wheels of trade go round
And streets are filled with jocund sound?
The weather-vane of work and play
And gusty grief can make no law;
But One long since the plan foresaw
And fashioned bright or dark our day.

Ah! man, your church-bell and your praise
And all your fortunate-seeming ways
Shall scarcely bring you to the mark!
Of truth of book and good of gold
What worth, unless your heart shall hold
The everlasting morning spark?

—*George P. Lathrop, in Atlantic Monthly.*

Bill and the Widow.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning, as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask her, he's awful shy. Why, he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out the clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I should out a night-gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed.; "but I'll have to lie just a little. But, then, it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her, but just as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I dont bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week to come, Nell."

So saying, Ed. started, and while he is mowing the fields, we will take a look at Billy Smiley.

He was a rather good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hairs, and he had got in a set of false teeth. But every one said he was a good old soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred-acre farm as any in Norwich, and a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance, like a rooster on a grasshopper.

But Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Sherrybottle, whom he was so sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew his head in like a mud-turtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though since she had been a widow he paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur.

"Good morning, Mr Smiley."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular that I know of," said Ed., "only Barnum's show, that everybody is talking about, and everybody and his gal are going to. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and was scrubbing up his harness, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. He been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I would not blame her much either if she takes him, for she must be dreadful lonesome, and then she has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak to her. By jingo, if I was a single man, I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he had left Bill sweeping, and put his ear to a knot hole and listened, knowing the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young Sockrider!" said Bill; "what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he! Well, so have I, and a new harness, too; and his horse can't get sight of mine, and I declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the best of me in the first place!"

Ed. could scarcely help laughing outright; but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and about five o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy, on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing-school days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then, and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage to talk up to her—until at a distance of about a mile from the house, he came to a bridge, he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth and clear over the dashboard, and striking on the plank, they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill or paint the expression of his face as he sat there completely dumbfounded at his piece of ill-luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth had cost him so much, and, the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sockrider.

Well, he must try and get them somehow and no time to be lost, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on; and, besides, if he did, he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road, to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around the bank and waded into the almost icy cold water, but his teeth didn't chatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not stir the mud up, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under the water and came out with his teeth in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? A wagon, and a dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting.

"Whoa!, whoa! Stop you brute, you, stop!"

But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in a capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dusty and dimpled on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on top of the hill, and what, oh what will he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he got from Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and the animal took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else.

The widow heard the rattling of the wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley and that he didn't offer to get out, she went out to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting, with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her face towards him, while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. She did not offer to go. He did not ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing so himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white-faced horse coming, and at once surmised it was that of Gus Sockrider! He resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be delighted to go—of course she would. But wouldn't he come in? No, he was in a hurry, he said; and he would go on to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's, are you? Why, I'm going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

What a scrape," said Bill, and he hastily clutched his pants from between his feet, and wriggled into them, when a light wagon drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in there swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill; "they are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the man that had the race after the horse, just now?"

"No, sir, I am not. You had better go on about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and, turning to the widow, said:

"Just pick up those lines, will you, please? This brute of a horse is always switching them out of my hands."

The widow complied; he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down as she got in.

"What a lovely evening," she said; "and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?"

You see she had on a nice new dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.

"Oh, my," said Bill, earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at this tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out. As she did so a long silk neck-tie showed over the end of the boot.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley—a neck-tie?"

"Yes," said he; "I bought it the other day, and I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

Then they went on quite a distance, he holding her hand in his, and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's; and she wondered why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until they were going down a little hill and one of the traces came unhitched, and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill, "what next?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start, which came very near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," answered he.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on again?"

"I can't," said Bill. "I've got—that is, I—I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she, tenderly, "what is the matter? Do tell me!"

She gave his hand a little squeeze, and looked into his pale face; she thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling-bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper out with her teeth, stuck it to his nose.

Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance, and went over the low back buggy.

The little woman gave a low scream as his bare feet flew past her head, and covering her face with her hands, gave way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which. Bill was up in a moment, and, leaning over the back of the seat, was humbly apologizing and explaining, when, Ed. Wilbur and his wife and baby drove up behind and stopped.

Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than had Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear. Ed. was likely to burst with suppressed laughter, but he beckoned his wife to draw up, and, after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind.

Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then with great persuasion Ed. got him to go home with him, and hunting up slippers and socks, and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived.

I need not tell you how the story was all wormed out of bashful Bill, and how they all laughed as they sat around the tea-table that night; but will conclude by saying that they all went to the show together, and Bill has no fear of Gus Sockrider now.—*Potter's American Monthly.*

Interesting Statistics.

Kansas leads every State in the Union in the yield of corn per acre, being forty-three and five-tenths bushels. New Hampshire comes next, with a yield of forty-two. Vermont follows with thirty-nine; Ohio, thirty-six and seven-tenths; Wisconsin, thirty-four; Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska, thirty; Michigan, twenty-nine; Missouri, twenty-seven and eight-tenths; Minnesota, twenty-five and four-tenths; Texas and Illinois, twenty-six each.

Illinois takes the lead in the oat crop, growing 43,789,581 out of the total 282,107,159 bushels.

Iowa produces the largest spring wheat crop of any State, the production of the United States being 112,549,533 bushels, and that of Iowa 28,707,312 bushels, while Wisconsin ranks next, with 24,875,485 bushels.

Ohio raises the most winter wheat, 27,625,759 of the 175,195,193 bushels produced in the United States, and also more than half the flax produced in the country. The wool yield of the State is one-fifth that of the United States and double that of California.

Pennsylvania supplies one-fifth of the rye produced in this country, or 3,577,641 bushels out of 16,918,795.

California produces the largest barley crop, or 8,783,490 out of a total of 20,761,305 bushels, and also nine-tenths of our native silk cocoons.

New York is the largest cultivator of buckwheat, raising 3,904,030 of a total of 9,821,721 bushels.

Mississippi takes the lead among the cotton-growing States.

Kentucky grows more than half the hemp crop of our country.

New York produces more than one-fifth of the hay crop, or nearly twice as much as Pennsylvania, which furnishes the next largest figure in that line. New York furnishes, also, more than two-thirds of the hop crop of the country.

South Carolina supplies nearly half the rice produced in the country. Georgia is next, or 7,000,000 pounds ahead of Louisiana. Nearly all the rice comes from these three States.

Of the 272,734,841 pounds of tobacco produced in the country, 105,305,828 pounds are grown in Kentucky. Virginia comes next, with 33,086,364 pounds.

Louisiana contributes nearly all the sugar and molasses from cane, and Vermont nearly one-third of the sugar of maple, while New York produces one-fourth the sugar from maple.

Ohio and Indiana produce each one-eighth of sorghum molasses

New York grows one-fifth of the whole potato crop. North Carolina produces more sweet potatoes than any other State.

New York raises one-fifth of the national supply of peas and beans.

California produces more than one-half the native wine.

A Menagerie at Auction.

The paraphernalia and animals composing Montgomery Queen's circus and menagerie were knocked down piecemeal to the highest bidder in New York recently. The *World* says: The sale was occasioned by the financial embarrassments of Mr. Queen during the last season, resulting in a total wreck of his establishment and a handsome fortune. The affair drew together a large crowd of spectators, as well as quite a number of showmen from abroad. It was not until the animals were reached that the general interest became intense. The bidding was slow at first, but afterwards became quite spirited, and when a little competition was indulged in some one would sing out, "Go in there; don't let the East get away with the West," and other pleasantries of a similar nature. The relative value of the animals seemed to have no effect upon the prices offered. An African eland was sold for $205 to Mr. Burr Robbins, who bought a white deer for $20, a leopard for $25, four spotted hyenas for $84, three kangaroos for $246, a hippopotamus for $190, an Esquimaux wolf for $100, a striped hyena for $37.50, a zebu or sacred cow for $32. Mr. W. W. Cole bought a zebra for $230, an African lion and lioness, performing animals, three years old, for $200, a wild boar for $500, twelve cockatoos for $156, two monkeys for $62, an emu for $100 and an elephant for $1,500. Messrs. Sells Brothers bought a wild gazelle with silvery feet for $25, a gnu for $675, a royal Bengal tiger for $600, a two horned rhinoceros for $3,600 and six camels and two dromedaries at an average of $102.50 each. The St. Louis Geological Garden bought a pair of gazelles at $50, one pair of tiger cats at $60, and one pair of California lions at $300. Altogether the sale was an exceedingly interesting one, and while the prices realized were not one-fifth of the actual value, yet, under the circumstances, it could hardly be expected to be greater.

Old Bridges in China.

The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical skill and science of the Chinese at an early period, is to be found in their suspension bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Ham dynasty. According to the current testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Sangleang, the commander of the army under Kaon-tsoo, the first of the Hams, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of the Shensa to the west of the capital. Hitherto, its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 laborers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road the required height he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In another place he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another over a deep chasm. The bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, flying bridges, and are represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still exists in Shensa, stretching four hundred feet from mountain to mountain over a chasm of over five hundred feet. Most of these flying bridges are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travelers. It is by no means improbable (as Mr. Pautheier suggested) that as the missionaries to China made known the fact over a century and a half ago that the Chinese had suspension bridges, and that many of them were made of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence for similar construction by European engineers.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

How Human Beings Are Inwardly Burned to Death.

Cases of human beings who have suddenly died from the effects of internal combustion are very singular. The following case is a very remarkable one. It is that of Grace Pitt, the wife of a fishmonger in the parish of St. Clement, Ipswich. She was aged about sixty, and had contracted a habit of coming down from her bedroom every night, half dressed, to smoke a pipe. On the night of the 9th of April, 1744, she got up from bed as usual, and her daughter, who slept with her, did not notice her absence until next morning, when on going down into the kitchen, she found her stretched out on her right side, with her head toward the grate; the body extended on the hearth, with the legs on the floor, which was of deal, and it had the appearance of a log of wood which had been consumed by a fire without apparent flame. The girl, on noticing her mother's body, ran and got a couple of vessels of water which she poured upon the body, and immediately a fetid odor and smoke was given off which very nearly smothered the neighbors who had come to the girl's assistance. The trunk was in some measure incinerated and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head, the arms, and lower portions of the body had also been partially burned. The woman it was said had drank a large quantity of spirituous liquor the night before in consequence of being overjoyed at hearing of the return of one of her daughters from Gibralter. There was no fire in the grate from which the cotton gown she wore could have been ignited and the candle had been burned entirely out in the socket, while near the consumed body were found several articles of clothing and a paper screen, which had sustained no injury by the fire.

And still another case is found in that of Madam Millet, who kept a lodging house at Rheims, France, and who got intoxicated very nearly every day. This woman was found consumed at a distance of a foot and a half from her hearth, on the morning of the 20th of February, 1725. Only a part of the head, a little of the extremities and three or four vertebræ were left of the body. The flooring under the body was consumed, but articles of clothing and wood near the body were still intact. Jean Millet, the husband of the deceased, stated that his wife had been unable to sleep the preceding night, and had gone into the kitchen to warm herself; at about two o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a strong and infectious odor, and having run to the place found the remains of his wife in the condition described. Inquiry into the cause of Madam Millet's death was prosecuted with the most untiring diligence. It was unfortunate for M. Millet that he had a handsome servant girl in the establishment, for he was charged by his prosecutors with having concerted with the girl to put Madam Millet out of the way, and had studiously arranged the above details to avert suspicion from the real cause of his lady's death. He was convicted, but a superior court, to which he appealed, declared the combustion to have been the result of natural causes, and to have been spontaneous, so that the male Millet came off victorious.

It is a notable fact that in nearly all cases of spontaneous combustion men as victims are conspicuous by their absence; a rare, however, is given by Dr. MacNish.—*St. Louis Post.*

A Four Days' Bear Hunt.

The Orange (N. Y.) *Press* says: A Sullivan county Nimrod, who resides near Fallsburg, was out attending to his sap trees, when he descried a bear near one of the sap-buckets. He ran home with all the speed he could possibly make, and summoning his neighbors, told them of the immense bear he had seen—the largest ever known in that section. In a short time a party was organized, and off they started. They kept on his trail all that day, and spent the night in a neighboring house. The second morning they were early on the war-path, and, although they were still on his track, they did not see the bear. On the third day they had a similar experience, and, although the traces were fresh, bruin still kept out of their sight. On the morning of the fourth day they separated somewhat, and made the hunt more comprehensive. About ten o'clock the party heard a gun, and rushing in the direction of the sound, they saw a valiant hunter climbing a tree as fast as possible, with his unloaded gun at the foot of it, and, looking in the other direction, they saw the bear getting off at his best gait. The shot of the hunter had wounded the animal in the foot and he was limping badly. The frightened hunter was persuaded to come down the tree, and the party got off and finally surrounded the bear. Several well-directed volleys at point-blank range brought him down, and they gathered about the dead bruin to take a look at their prize. He had dwindled from a monster, as at first reported, to a small, half-starved animal, weighing about 150 pounds. The animal had not hybernated as is their custom, and was terribly lean in consequence.

Postal Card Troubles.

Postal cards are very handy to use and withal a great convenience, but the chances that one of them will fail to reach its destination are much greater than in the case of a letter. This is not because of any fault on the part of the Department but the result of carelessness on the part of the sender. There being no privacy to the cards, and the messages they bear being generally of minor importance, leads the post-office officials to treat them with little consideration when once they go astray. "Bushels of them are burnt every month in this city," said a clerk in the Boston post-office, recently. "We make no effort to return them to senders, but simply throw them aside." The slips which will consign a postal card to the limbo of the unredeemed are many. Anything (except a stamp) stuck to either side; failure to put the address on the side designated for it, and the writing of anything except the address on the stamped side, are among them. A good plan is to first address the card and then write the message. Large numbers of cards are daily received at the various offices with no written or printed address in the proper place.

Food as Medicine.

Dr. Hall's views in regard to the efficacy of food as medicine, when discriminatingly used, seem to be reasonable. He relates the case of a man who was cured of biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning this patient rose with a wonderful sense of rest, refreshment, and a feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cooled and cleansed by the lemonade and fast. His theory is that food will be used as a remedy for diseases successfully. For example, he instantly cures the spitting of blood by the use of salt, epilepsy and yellow fever by watermelons, kidney affections by celery, poison by olive or sweet oil, erysipelas by pounded cranberries applied to the parts affected, hydrophobia by onions, etc. So the thing to do in order to keep in good health is really to know what to eat, and not what medicines to take.

The Story of an Invention.

It may not be generally known that an important invention in connection with the manufacture of carpets originated as follows: An operative weaver, in one of the largest establishments in this country, was engaged in weaving a carpet that in its finished stage would appear as a velvet pile. At that period this description of carpet was woven much in the manner of Brussels, the loops being afterward cut by hand—a slow and costly process. These loops are formed by the insertion of wires of the requisite thickness to form the loop; they are then withdrawn. This weaver—whether by cogitation or as the result of a bright thought—came to the conclusion that if these wires were so constructed as, on being withdrawn, to cut the loops, thus instantly completing the formation of the pile, it would be a great saving of labor and time, and a great economy. Taking one of the rods, he changed its form to the required shape, ground a knife edge upon it, took it to his looms, and inserted it in the web—all the while maintaining strict secrecy—and with some degree of excitement watched its weaving down until the moment for its withdrawal. This came, the rod, was drawn out, the loops were cut, and the experiment was a perfect success, the pile being cut with great evenness.

The weaver, with a shrewdness often wanting in inventors, doubled up the rod and hid it away, wove down the line of cut loops upon the roll, then "knocked off," or stopped his loom, and proceeded to the office of the mill, where he demanded to see the principal. The clerk demurred to this, asking if he himself could not do all that was required; but no, the weaver persisted. Then the manager tried, with the same result; only the principal would suit the weaver. The employer was informed of the operative's persistence in determining to see him; so he at once ordered him to be admitted. This was done, and the weaver stepped into the well furnished and handsomely carpeted office of the manufacturer. His employer addressed him: "Well, John" (for so we will call him), "what is it you want?" "Well, maister, I've getten summut yo mun hev," replied John. "Wodn't yo like a way ut makkin t' loom cut th' velvet piles?" continued the weaver. "Yes! that I would!" replied the employer; "and I will reward any man handsomely who brings me a plan of doing it," added he. "Awm yore mon, then," said the operative. "Wod'll yo gi' me?" he further asked. After some further conversation a bargain was struck, and a sum agreed upon, which the weaver should be entitled to claim in the event of his plan for automatically cutting the pile of the carpet being a success. Arrangements were made its trial; the weaver made his preparations; the master, the manager, and one or two confidential employees gathered around the loom upon which the experiment had to be made, all others being sent outside the range of observation. The new form of wires were inserted, woven down, and withdrawn, leaving a well cut pile upon the face of the carpet. The weaver had won his reward, for it was honorably paid. An annuity of £100 was settled upon him, which he continued to enjoy until within a recent date, and for anything we know to the contrary may be enjoying yet. He retired from the weaving shed, determined to spend the rest of his days in ease and comfort. His employer secured by patent the benefits of his invention, it being one, among several others, which contributed to place that manufacturing establishment in the foremost rank in the trade, while its owners attained wealth and social eminence as the reward of their prudent enterprise. —*Textile Manufacturer.*

Mining Fish Out of the Ice.

The Carson (Nev.) *Appeal* has the following: In the general freeze which has converted the lake into a sea of ice, Emerald bay has been frozen solid. It is one vast ledge of ice from the surface of its transparent waters to the bottom. More than ever is that beautiful bay a "gem of purest ray serene," crystalized as it is and firm set within its rock-bound shores. From some cause best known to themselves, the fish, especially the trout, have fairly swarmed there. When the great and sudden freezing came it imprisoned them by hundreds of tons all over the bay. There they are fixed, like a bee in a drop of amber. Of course the fishermen of the Rubicon and its neighborhood are reaping a rich and novel harvest. The present abundance of fish in the Carson market is due to this remarkable occurrence. Monk says that the bay presents a wonderful appearance. He says in all truthfulness that Sailor Jack and some associates have actually sunk a well-size in the ice between the boat landing and Captain Dick's island, and that by dint of tunneling and sinking in the solid ice they are actually mining out the imprisoned trout by the cart-load. Hank says he has an interest in one of these extraordinary "claims," and that he has every reason to expect prompt and numerous dividends. This class of phenomena occurs only at rare intervals. In 1845, Back Cove, an arm of Casco bay, was a scene of such freezing as this. All sorts of salt water fish, such as frequent the more shallow bays and estuaries, smelt, tom-cod, eels and flounders were frozen in and captured by the million. The tom-cod, when thus frozen, may be thawed out in cool water and restored to life. For this reason this small member of the finny tribe is known as the "frost-fish."

Hard to Digest.

At a certain boarding house in this city is a young man whose occupation is the "art preservative," and whose labors occupy him during those hours when the majority of mankind is asleep. Of course he gets hungry, and is accustomed to get a lunch when he starts out for his nightly toil. This lunch is done up in a paper and placed on a table in the hall of the boarding house, from which the young man takes it when he goes out. One evening this week as he went out, he saw two bundles lying upon the table and unthinkingly took the one nearest and carried it away. About midnight that unfailing monitor, an empty stomach, warned him that lunch time had arrived, and with high hopes and a keen appetite he took out his bundle and opened it, but was struck all aback to find instead of his coveted food a small package of neatly folded handkerchiefs, which had been placed upon the table by the laundryman for one of the other boarders. Language fails to do justice to the denouement, and so we draw the curtain.—*New Bedford Evening Standard.*

The Farmer's Independence.

During these times of business failures, when men supposed to be millionaires, by reverses have become bankrupt, none is so free and independent as the owner and occupier of an unincumbered farm. Financial panics and depressions may come and go without seriously affecting him. For the products of the soil there must be, under all circumstances, a ceaseless and remunerative demand. Out of the numerous business failures throughout the country, but a small per centage are those of farmers, who, as a rule, go on prospering despite all monetary vicissitudes and fluctuations.

SOME NEW YORK DUELS.

The Meeting between De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout—Almost Incredible Marksmanship of Capt. Martin Scott.

It is a notable fact that the most determined duel of which I have any record, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Times*, was fought in New York State, and very near the metropolis of that name. The meeting was betwen De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout in 1802. It appears probable that if the dispute in which this duel originated had taken its natural course the most famous duel in any history—that between Hamilton and Burr—would have been omitted. Clinton and Burr had a very fierce and truculent political dispute, which finally became personal. Before it had fairly come to an issue, John Swartwout became involved in it, taking Burr's place. He challenged Clinton, who accepted. On the field Clinton remarked "that he wished he had the principal (Burr) before him." If his wish had been gratified there is little doubt that his fatal precision of shot would have put Burr where he could not have killed Hamilton three years later. Mr. Swartwout insisted that he should have an apology, and prepared one that he insisted Mr. Clinton should sign. Mr. Clinton, of course, declined, and the parties went to the field.

Mr. N. S. Smith, who was Swartwout's second, says: The gentlemen took positions and fired without effect. At Mr. Riker's request, I asked Mr. Swartwout if he was satisfied. He replied: "I am not," and the third shot was exchanged without injury. I then asked Mr. Swartwout, "Are you satisfied, sir?" He replied, "I am not. Neither shall I be until the apology is made which I have demanded. Until then we must proceed." I then presented a paper to Mr. Riker for Mr. Clinton's signature, containing the apology demanded, observing that this paper must be signed or we would proceed. Mr. Clinton declared he would sign no paper on the subject; that he had no animosity to Mr. Swartwout, and would willingly shake hands and agree to meet on the score of former friendship. Mr. Swartwout insisted on the signature of the apology, and Mr. Clinton declining, they stood at their posts and fired a fourth shot. Mr. Swartwout was wounded in the left leg, about five inches below the knee. Being asked if he was satisfied, Mr. Swartwout replied: "It is useless to repeat the question; my determination is fixed, and I beg we may proceed." Mr. Clinton repeated that he had no animosity against Mr. Swartwout; was sorry for what had passed; proposed to advance, shake hands, and bury the past in oblivion. During this conversation, the surgeon, kneeling at his side, extracted the ball from Mr. Swartwout's leg. The fifth shot being fired, Mr. Swartwout received a ball in the left leg, about five inches above the ankle. Still, however, standing at his post perfectly composed. At the request of Mr. Riker, I asked: "Are you satisfied?" He forcibly answered: "No, sir; I am not. Proceed." Mr. Clinton then quit his post, declining the combat, and declared he would fire no more. Mr. Swartwout expressed himself surprised that Mr. Clinton would neither apologize nor give the satisfaction required, and, addressing me, said: "What shall I do, my friend?" I answered: "Mr. Clinton declines making the apology required, refuses taking his position, and positively declares that he will fight no more; his second appearing to acquiesce in the disposition of his principal, there is nothing further for you to do now but to have your wounds dressed." The surgeons attending dressed his wounds, and the gentlemen returned in their respective barges to the city.

One of the most widely-known men of any time is Capt. Martin Scott. Martin Scott was, from his earlier days, a remarkably fine pistol and rifle shot. While plowing in the field one day he received a letter which enclosed him his commission as ensign in the United States army. He had never applied for this position, and to the day of his death never knew how it came to be tendered to him. He accepted it, however, and was soon famous throughout the whole army as the best shot of his day. Upon the authority of Col. R. B. Marcy, United States army, I will give a sample of this shooting. A playing card, with a spot about the size of a dime, was tacked upon a tree seventy-five yards distant. Capt. Scott then took a muzzle-loading squirrel rifle and proposed to see how quickly he could load and fire three times. He began, and in one minute and twenty seconds had loaded and fired three times. Of course this was very quick work, allowing hardly any time for aiming. The firing was almost instantaneous. When Col. Marcy went to examine the target he found one hole exactly in the center of the bull's eye. He remarked, however, that the other two shots had missed the target entirely. Capt. Smith smiled, called for an axe, split the log, and found the three balls imbedded in the single hole. These shots were all off-hand. Col. Marcy says that he has seen officers who vouched for the truth of the following, having seen Capt. Scott do it: He would take two potatoes, and throwing them into the air successively, would put a pistol ball through both of them as they crossed in the air, one going up and the other coming down.

The first duel in which Capt. Scott was engaged was under the following circumstances: He was stationed on the frontier, at a military post of Council Bluff. The officers were, the most of them, fond of a social glass, and addicted to card playing, and they considered a man who abstained entirely from like indulgences as wanting the proper spirit. Capt. Scott never drank a glass of liquor and never played a game of cards, and while he was very liberal in his intercourse with his brother officers he was exceedingly parsimonious in his own personal expenses. The officers around him took umbrage at this, and gradually withdrew from all intercourse with him, until he was absolutely put into coventry by all save three of his associates in arms. He submitted for a long time to the insults and persecutions and then held a council of war with his three friends to determine what was best to be done. They told him that only two alternatives were left him—one was to throw up his commission and the other was to challenge the first man that should insult him. He readily chose the latter course, and his determination became known throughout the post His skill as a marksman and his undoubted nerve protected him for a good while, no one caring to needlessly risk an encounter with him.

At length, however, an officer from a neighboring post, who was a celebrated shot, and had brought down his man in about half a dozen duels, was sent for. He took the first opportunity to insult Capt. Scott. The insult was given at mess table, and a challenge immediately followed. In telling of the duel afterward, Capt. Scott said that he went to the ground considerably agitated. Being utterly opposed to dueling, he had determined to throw away his fire. Just about that time he accidentlly overheard his antagonist say that he had a very disagreeable job on hand that morning, viz., the "shooting of a Yankee." This raised Capt. Scott's indignation, and he determined from that moment to punish his opponent. When the word was given the men fired together. Capt. Scott received a slight flesh wound, and sent a ball whizzing through his opponent's lungs. It is mentioned, as a fact that this shot saved the man's life. He had consumption before the duel and recovered afterward. I hesitate, however, to recommend this as an inevitable cure for the consumption. It is a remedy, however, that is apt to either cure or kill.

What He Wanted.

The bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was only the other night that Mr. Throcton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper he hunted up his tools, removed the old bolt, and measured the location for the new one. He must bore some new holes, and Mrs. Throcton heard him roaming around the kitchen and woodshed, slamming doors, pulling out drawers and kicking furniture around. She went to the head of the stairs, and called down:

"Richard, do you want anything?"

"Yes, I do!" he yelled back. "I want to know where that corkscrew is?"

"Corkscrew, Richard?"

"Yes, corkscrew! I've looked the house over and can't find it!"

"Why, we never had one, Richard."

"Didn't, eh? We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. It's always the way when I want anything."

"But you must be out of your head," she said as she descended the stairs. "We've kept house seven years and I never remember seeing you bring a corkscrew home."

"Oh, yes, I'm out of my head, I am!" he grumbled, as he pulled out the sewing machine drawer and turned over the contents. "Perhaps I'd better go to the lunatic asylum right away!"

"Well, Richard, I know that I have never seen a corkscrew in this house."

"Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've bought five or six. The house is always upside down, anyhow, and I never can find anything!"

"The house is kept as well as any of your folks can keep one!" she retorted, growing red in the face.

"I'd like my mother here to show you a few things," he said, as he stretched his neck to look on the high shelf in the pantry.

"Perhaps she'll boil her spectacles with the potatoes again!" answered the wife.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" he yelled, as he jumped down.

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, you'll be going for York State, if you don't look out!"

"I'd like to see myself! When I go this house goes!"

"Look out, Nancy!"

"I'm afraid of no man that lives."

"I'll leave you!"

"And I'll laugh to see you go!"

Going close up to her, he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize his words, and slowly said:

"Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we'd never had one in the house, which is a bold falsehood, as I can prove!"

"Gimlet?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, gimlet!"

"Why, I know where there are three or four! You said corkscrew!"

"Did I!" he gasped, sitting down on the corner of the table. "Well, now, I believe I did."

"And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew!" she sobbed, falling on the lounge.

"Nancy," he said tenderly, lifting her up.

"Oh, Richard!" she chokingly answered.

And that household is so quietly happy that a canary bird would sing its head off if hung up in the hall.—*Worcester Gazette.*

How Bancroft Writes History.

A Washington letter gives the following: Mr. Bancroft's method of writing his history, the result of the experience of long years, is peculiar and interesting, and he thinks it gives him a grasp on those conflicting conditions in literary work—comprehensiveness and compactness. He has two secretaries, a "reference" secretary and a "writing" secretary. They do the work, while he does the thinking and dictation. When he begins a new volume he lays out a plan for it as minute and detailed as an architect makes the plan of a house. First he decides upon the time which it shall cover, then the epochs of important events which it shall include. A large volume of blank paper is then taken, ruled, and dated like a diary, and under each date are entered, with the precision of an accountant, all the occurrences of that day in every corner of the globe which relate in any way, near or remote, to the American republic. This duty is performed by the "reference secretary," and for a single volume requires the labor of years. With each record are references to the authority upon which the record is based, and the circumstances in detail under which the information is obtained. Every existing work, document, and paper is consulted; every history of tradition of any reliability is carefully gleaned. This diary being completed, Mr. Bancroft takes what he calls a "topic book"—a large blank book, like a banker's ledger, which is classified under different heads; for instance, during the Revolutionary war, a page would be assigned to every military or official character, and such heads as "Army," "Finance," "Foreign

The Centre Reporter.

JARED. KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., March 28 1878.

The democratic state convention meets at Pittsburg, May 22.

Contractors are to begin at once a $382,200 State Insane Asylum for the southeastern district of Pennsylvania.

J. Reed & Co., wholesale hatters, of New York, suspended. Liabilities, $200,000.

J. H. Marks, a New York commission merchant, failed. Liabilities, $110,000.

Cech. William, a London railroad stock broker, failed, Liabilities $1,000,000.

W. N. Sturgis, of Chicago, is bankrupt. Liabilities $115,000. Assets valueless.

Several street fights occurred in Toronto night of 19, and twenty-five persons were wounded.

The Cleveland Non-Explosive Lamp Company's building burned. Loss $225,000. Insurance $80,000.

Mr. Spang has introduced a bill in the state legislature against the cremation of bodies. Spang can rest assured if he is not burnt here he will be in the next world.

We direct attention to the *Phila. Times* advertisement. The *Daily Times* is among the best and spiciest dailies, and the *Weekly* stands No. 1.

The Huntingdon county democracy instructed for J. Simpson Africa, for Sec'y of Internal Affairs. Right good, too.

Germany—Hello, there, Johnny Bull, what you crying for?

J. Bull—Why that ugly Russ Bear eat all the Turkey and didn't give me none—I'll punch him for it—dem 'em—if I ketch em in the alley.

The supreme court of Louisiana has rendered a decision which releases returning board Anderson from prison, and Hayes, the fraudulent is much pleased thereat. No doubt members of the supreme court were part and parcel of the crew that bargained away the honest vote of Louisiana and gave it to Hayes. The crime was committed, Hayes seated, but the rebound of the infamy has shattered the republican party and leaves Hayes without a friend. Next old Wells will be brought to trial, and he will be found guilty too. Whether his punishment can be stayed by a supreme court, we'll see.

A negro preacher down in Richmond Rev. Jasper, has proven from the Bible to the satisfaction of his flock and his own self, that the world is flat like a Johnny cake and not round, that the sun moves around the earth and not the earth around the sun, otherwise all the water of the seas would be spilled out over the land. Rev. Johnny-cake Jasper thinks philosophers and astronomers are all wrong, and that in spite of them the world is flat and it stands still. When he got through with his sermon he took a vote, and all who believed that he was right were told to hold up their hands, and all the hands of his sable hearers went up, and he proved his flat ideas unanimously. Jasper cited Job—and now its the two J's, and who is going to withstand them? We fear Jasper has started up a new question that will knock the he'll question off the course and out of the New York pulpits, which will then have to preach on the pancake or orange form of mother earth—Jasper and Job on one side and Cameron's d—n library fellers on the other.

The *Herald* says: Relations between England and Russia are so strained at the present moment as to be somewhat more than critical. They are at the extreme point of tension consistent with the preservation of peace, and in the exaggerated susceptibilities of the moment a rupture may result any day apparently as a consequence of events that at other times would be regarded as trivial. For two years now these governments have played at cross purposes with one another, and England has certainly no occasion to congratulate herself on the results Her diplomacy through all the difficult and delicate negotiations that have followed one another so closely, has been always at fault. From the rejection of the Berlin memorandum in May, 1876, down to the sending of the fleet into the Sea of Marmora, every act was a blunder. . . . . England's preparation seems to indicate a decision to fight, and it is apparently interpreted that way in Russia; for the demand that her fleet shall be withdrawn from the Sea of Marmora is only presented now as a ground for Russian action. England will refuse to withdraw, and thereupon the Russians will occupy Constantinople. If the English occupy the other side of the strait, with the intention to ultimately create there a new Gibraltar, they will find that a game at which two can play, and that Russia is not Spain.

Secretary Sherman is fast becoming notorious for being on all sides of every thing. Some years ago he was for paper money to pay the bonds, and this winter the opposite and opposed to the silver bill. Since the passage of the latter he has become silverish again, and predicts it will prove all right.

The Cincinnati Enquirer's special in giving the views of various Senators, of the hard money type, says:

"There's nothing extraordinary in it," said the incorrigible Eaton, "there never was a question that Sherman has not been upon all sides of."

Bayard told Nevada Jones an anecdote of the late Thaddeus Stevens. When questioned why he insisted so resolutely that there should be thirteen articles of impeachment against Andrew Johnson, Stevens replied: "I only want an odd number, so as to get John Sherman's vote. He will be sure to vote for six and against six; but if we have thirteen we shall catch him on the odd one, sure."

On 23. Mr. Montgomery Blair reported favorably in the Maryland legislature, from the committee on the judiciary, of which he is chairman, his resolutions authorizing and directing the attorney general of that state to sue out a bill to test in the supreme court of the United States Mr. Hayes' title to the office of President. The resolutions were read a first time in the house.

Henry Miller, who had been sentenced to the penitentiary for five years, broke from the Union county jail a few days ago. The *Journal* thus describes the manner of his escape: "He unlocked the hobbles, broke a foot from an iron bed in his cell, and with this succeeded in prying off the lock from the iron door of his cell. He heated the foot in the stove of his cell and by this means burned the heavy wooden door so he could make a hole large enough to creep out. Next he dug a hole under the wooden door leading from the prison and crept through this hole, and loosened the door. He then broke the lock of the outside iron door. Raising a window he broke the grating from the outside of it and was free."

TOP KNOT COME DOWN.

It was a long time ago—not within the recollection of any reader of the Reporter—that wearing hair in top knots was run into extremes and excited as much ridicule as hoop-skirts, waterfalls, stand-up-collars and cheap jewelry did in our day. A minister of the gospel thought the top-knot fashion irreligious, and announced that he would preach against it and from a text direct to the point. He announced as his text the words, "Top-knot come down," which was the latter clause of the verse in the New Testament which reads, "And let him that is on the house *top not come down*. And with this as his basis he went for the sacrilegious top-knots like a savage for a scalp. But the top-knot that needs to be scalped now is that of high salaries. Nearly all the other little top-knots, such as wages, food, &c., have come down, but there is one so hardened to the scalp of our public servants that it seems to be proof against all clamor. In fact while nearly all things else are coming down the top-knot of high salaries seems to be getting bigger in defiance of the public will. The salaries of congressmen, of state legislators, of president, of governors, and all public officials were raised during the war, and some after it closed when high prices still reigned; but as there has been a general scalping of high prices within the last three years, let the people demand such legislation as will restore salaries to ante bellum rates. The pay received by one half of our public servants is not half earned, and if salaries were cut down 50 per cent. any number of competent men, and men of good character, can be found, who will gladly fill the places and discharge their duties faithfully, and in many instances far better than some of the snobs and nabobs and fops who revel in luxury on big pay received as office holders, with scarce an average of two hours duty to perform in a day. In times like these when general and state governments counties and municipalities and individuals are heavily in debt, with high taxes, business prostrated, the very first place to practice economy would be to cut down high salaries and abolish superfluous offices. Instead of this we find high salaries at the top still, and danger of them getting even higher. Let the cry go ont from every tax-payer, "Top knot come down."

Look at our state legislature—it has sat since January and done nothing at all, and threatens now to sit 50 days beyond the usual time, at $10 per day for each member, or at a total expense of $2500 per day. Will the people stand it? They should not; with a voice like thunder they should cry, Unfaithful servants go home!

One half of our public expenditures would do to carry on public affairs as well and successfully as they now are, if salaries were cut down and one half of the offices abolished.

Washington, March 19.—The house judiciary committee authorized its chairman, Mr. Knott, to prepare and report to the house the bill repealing the bankrupt law, to take effect, as to involuntary proceedings, immediately after its passage, and as to voluntary proceedings from and after July 1, 1879.

FIRE TO BE OPENED ON THE PRESIDENT.

Washington, March 20.—The attacks which have been made on the Administration by Senators Blaine, Sargent and Chaffee, on account of the policy which has been pursued by the Secretary of the Interior towards the timber depredators on the public lands, promise to take the form of a more general warfare on the Administration at an early day. The anti-Administration Republican Senators have no faith whatever in the half professions which have lately reached them from the Executive Mansion that the President is now more than anxious to continue on good terms with the Republican Senators and members. Appointments and removals of officials, they say, continue to be made in their respective States without consultation with them, and in cases of radical changes protests even go unheeded. Mr. Foster, of Ohio, who has been credited as the President's own representative on the floor of the House, has abandoned any intention of making a defense of the first year of the Administration. He finds but little to approve and much to condemn, and evidently feels that what need of praise might be said had better remain unsaid. In the Senate Mr. Howe, however, has paved the way for an onslaught on the Administration. He offered a resolution this morning calling on the President for information as to whether Whitaker, the judge who tried Anderson, of the Louisiana Returning Board, was a defaulter to the Government or not, and if so, why he had never been prosecuted. The Wisconsin Senator said he should call up this resolution next week and take the opportunity to reply to the charge made against him at home that he had been lukewarm in his support of the Administration, and to show what excuse he had for his conduct. Mr. Conkling has prepared a speech assailing the President and will deliver it on Howe's resolution. Other Senators also promise to define their position. In the mean time several of the nominations which have lately been submitted to the Senate will be rejected notably those of Reynolds for First Auditor and Smith for paymaster in the army.

In an interview of Secretary Sherman with the senate committee of finance on Wednesday he expressed the conviction that the resumption act should not be repealed, believing that the country could resume on the first day of January next. The statement of the condition of the treasury shows that the total amount of gold coin and gold bullion on hand is $125,088,755. After deducting all liabilities the total amount of gold and silver coin and bullion available for redemption is $71,775,860. The volume of United States notes has been reduced to $348,618,024 against $382,000,000 at the time of the passage of the resumption act. The secretary estimates that there are now $320,000,000 of legal tenders in circulation, deducting those that had been lost or destroyed. This amount with the national bank notes makes the total paper money circulation $643,000,000. To repeat the general result of the preparations for resumption, the premium on gold has been practically abolished. The amount of legal tenders and national bank notes has been reduced. The fractional currency has been paid off, and the balance of trade has been favorable to this country to the amount $100,000,000 a year, bringing back gold and silver and bonds.

As to the silver bill the secretary thinks it has had some adverse and some favorable effects on the question of resumption. It has stopped the refunding of the bonds and the accumulation of coin in the treasury. On the other hand, the silver bill has satisfied a strong public demand for bimetallic money. The secretary thinks that by the passage of the silver bill resumption can be maintained more easily upon a double standard than upon a single standard. The bonds that have been returned from Europe have been readily absorbed. Recent returns in New York show the amount of bonds absorbed in this country is at least a million and a quarter a day. This shows the confidence of the people in the securities of the country and their absorption will attend to check the scare in Europe. The secretary would not accumulate more than $5,000,000 a month of both metals, and all sales beyond that should be applied for refunding six per cent. bonds. He would be willing to begin resumption with $420,000,000 of coin on hand and let the national banks look out for themselves.

Not long ago a man and his wife went to Kansas to settle. To enable them to pre-empt to quarter sections of land they were divorced; each pre-empted a claim and as soon as their claims were made good they were remarried, thus obtaining 320 acres of land.

THE ROYAL GOLDEN CASKET.

The Tribune goes for the golden casket business in a manner which may be a caution to Reporter readers. It says:

Formerly it was Prize Packages. Now it is Caskets. Has the reader received a circular inviting him to invest in the Royal Golden Casket, and promising if he will but send $1 to ——at——, that he shall receive by return mail, "bright jewels of the "mine," exquisitely carved cameos, monarchical signet rings, bosom pins of minted gold, lovely lockets, superb studs, and pendants fit for the ears of the Cyprian queen? There is something not a little beguiling about that word "Casket." It is so much prettier than plain "Package." It must be fascinating enough to bilk people out of their common sense, especially when they are told that it is to be a morocco casket stuffed full of gems and gold, and with its value vouched for by The Christian Messenger. It is a fact, we believe that those who receive the Royal Golden Casket, (a pasteboard box four inches by three, and one inch deep) usually howl to heaven with rage and disappointment. Brass and glass are not welcome when one is expecting gold and gems.

Everybody has heard of cheap jewelry, but the jewelry in the Golden Casket is cheaper than carpet tacks or board nails—a dreary and dreadful parody of the genuine article—so worthless a lot of rubbish that ordinary cheap jewelry would appear costly by comparison, and Attleboro metal like the real mineral of Ophir. Somebody who has received a quantity of the stuff for $1 has consulted experts about its value. A gross of the "Fine Band Ring" could be bought for $4. The "Beautiful Seal Ring" was worth just about two cents, and no more. The exquisite "Engraved Sleeve Buttons" may be bought by the cargo at $1.50 per gross. The "Spiral Engraved Studs"—"bits of crooked wire soldered to oval bits of thin brass"—are dear at $1 per gross. The "Grand Roman Neck Chain" and the "Locket set with Cameo" are worth nothing at all; and the "Grand Collar Button" is but "a dismal piece of brass." To sum up: The entire contents of the Royal Golden Casket, for which the too confiding buyer pays $1, are worth just thirty-two cents to buy, and nothing at all either to sell or to wear. No man or woman with a particle of self-respect could use any of the articles by way of personal decoration. It would make a handsome woman homely. It would make a homely woman hideous. It would make a hideous woman—but we say no more. Denner, who painted the ugliest of the sex in the ugliest way, could not have done justice to the subject.

THE IOWA GRANGE LAWS REPEALED.

Chicago Dispatch to the New York Times.

Ever since the organization of the present Legislature of Iowa, there has been a most persistent and bitter fight waged between the railroad interests and the farming or Granger element on the proposed repeal of the obnoxious Granger railroad law, which was enacted a few years ago under the impetus given to the Granger movement. The law has been considered a great hardship on the part of railroad men, who have held it to work detrimentally to their interests in the matter of local and through tariffs, by the provisions of which they have contended that it has been impossible for them to do business on a paying basis. A bill was, therefore, introduced into the lower house shortly after the Legislature convened, repealing the railroad tariff law, and a few days ago it passed. This bill came to the State Senate late last night and went through without amendment—yeas, 29; nays, 20.

From the New York Sun, Ind.

It is reported, and we doubt not correctly, that General Anderson is again a prominent candidate for Collector of the Port of New Orleans. General Anderson was a prominent agent in the fraud which made Hayes President. His guilt has been fully established before a judicial tribunal, and at the same time, on a purely technical ground, he has been set at liberty by an appellate court, and thus he is in no immediate danger of the penitentiary. Mr. Hayes could not make a more fitting appointment. Anderson, like Hayes himself, is guilty; Anderson, like Hayes himself, is at large; Hayes is in office, why should not Anderson be in office also?

The following is the anti-treating bill now before the legislature of this state:

"An Act declaring it to be a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment, to purchase, at public drinking places, intoxicating drinks for any other person than himself. Sec. 1. Be it enacted, &c., that hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person or persons in this Commonwealth to purchase or pay for drink or drinks of intoxicating liquor for any other person or persons, at any bar or public drinking house or place within this Commonwealth, either at the request of such other person or persons, or gratuitously, in the manner known as 'treating.' And any person or persons violating the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding ten dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding one month or both, or either at the discretion of the court."

A QUARRY OF INDIAN RELICS.—A discovery that will prove of interest to antiquarians has been made in Johnston Township, Providence County, R. I. The exact locality is about 100 yards north of the Killingly Pike, on the Big Elm Farm. Mr. H. N. Angell, of Providence, while engaged in quarrying slate at the place above indicated, found a soapstone bed between two slate ledges, about six feet underground. Cartloads of pulverized stone were removed, without any suspicion that it was the debris of an ancient mine. At last the surface of the soapstone rock was reached, and this was so curiously carved as to attract the notice of the workmen, the entire surface being covered with hollows and projections. This was a rock upon which the aborigines had carved soapstone dishes and utensils. The method was to cut away the stone from a circular portion till that was left as a projection, and then cut under the projection until it was detached, after which the block thus obtained was hollowed out, and became a dish or bowl. The work had been done with knives and hammers of stone, the slate furnishing a sharp edge to cut, chisel and scoop out the soapstone. One of the two stone hammers found weighs nearly 100 pounds, and was hollowed in the middle, probably so as to be bound with thongs to a handle. Already 150 cuttings for bowls that never were finished, have been counted in the soapstone. The ledge itself had been cut down by the aboriginal workmen, in this manufacture, several feet below the original level. Large numbers of stone hammers and axes have been found by the explorers. The rock is soft, and some copper, silver, talc and asbestos are associated with the soapstone.

A man has nearly talked himself to death in Kern County, California. A loquacious loafer known as Murphue offered to wager $50 that he could keep on talking for twenty-four consecutive hours, without interruption, and with no other stimulant than Delano whiskey which was to be furnished in unstinted quantity at the loser's expense. The wager was taken by another loafer, and the orator, mounting the stump, began a harangue on the subject of Kearney and the sons of toil. The start was made at 8:30 a. m. By 10:30 p. m. the demijohn had gone down cellar three times to catch breath, with no visible decrease in Murphue's stock of words. At 2:30 the next morning Kearney had been disposed of, together with the contents of another demijohn. An argument in favor of the Chinese was then taken up Murphue's articulation at 7 a. m. became rather husky and the thread of his argument rather difficult to follow, but he kept at it. One bet of $70 was offered and accepted that he would not hold out as he had swallowed, during the time of delivery, four gallons of whiskey. When time was at last called, and the wager declared fairly won, Murphues' powers of endurance were exhausted. He fell from his cramped position on the chair and rolled over under the billiard table, a spongy mass of flesh and whiskey; but strange to say, his lips in this comatose condition still moved.

——Hon. J. Glancy Jones died at Reading 24, of heart disease.

A WHITE MAN HUNG FOR KILLING A NEGRO.

A Desperado Who Had Committed Eight Murders.

Rome, Ga., March 16.—This rapid little city was packed on Friday with the largest crowd that ever gathered within its limits. The occasion that brought it together was the execution of Augustus Johnson, which has just taken place. It it roughly estimated that twenty thousand people were in the city at one o'clock on Friday.

Augustus Johnson is about twenty-six years of age. By his own confession he is the slayer of eight persons, all of whom he killed in violation of law, with one possible exception. He was hung yesterday for the murder of Daniel Alford, colored, being the first white man ever hung in Georgia for the murder of a negro. Johnson's relatives claimed that he was insane, and indeed a verdict of insanity was once returned against him by a jury. He was confined in the State Lunatic Asylum, from which he escaped.

The Crime and Arrest.

The testimony shows that on the morning of the murder he was riding through the country. He was in unusually fine spirits, as several witnesses who met him just before the murder testified. At length he reached the ferry, and found the boat on the opposite side. He dismounted from his horse and called to the ferryman, Daniel Alford, to bring the boat over. A number of negro school children and one or two white men were standing near him on the banks of the river. At his command the negro ferryman left a companion with whom he was talking, and started to the boat. Johnson ordered him to "hurry up." The negro replied. "If you want the boat any quicker than I'm going to bring it over, you had better come and fetch it yourself." Johnson made some reply and took hold of his gun. The ferryman cried. "Don't fool with me with that gun." He then turned to loose the boat, when his companion called to him to look out. He turned and discovered that Johnson was leveling his gun at him. Before he could say or do anything the gun was fired, and he fell into the bottom of the boat mortally wounded. His companion, it was thought at first, was also wounded or killed, as he dropped at the report of the gun. It was discovered afterward that this was only through excitement. After Johnson had done the shooting, he quietly mounted his horse and rode off, not even waiting or caring to see whether the wounds were fatal. He took no pains to conceal himself or his crime. Meeting an acquaintance shortly afterward, he asked him if he thought his gun would kill a man across the river, adding, "If it will, I've killed a nigger, for I shot one down at the ferry awhile ago." He protested that no one would dare to arrest him, as the officers were all afraid of him. He consequently took his time in making his arrangements to leave the county for Texas. One day, shortly after the murder, a big log-rolling was in progress, the Sheriff being in attendance, when Johnson quietly walked into the crowd. He was heavily armed. Some of his friends begged him to go away, adding that he would certainly be arrested. He declined to leave, adding that any man that attempted to arrest him was "looking for certain death." The Sheriff, however, summoned the crowd as a posse, and surrounding Johnson, demanded his surrender. Seeing that he could hope for nothing in a contest with such odds, Johnson surrendered.

The Day Before the Hanging

Johnson was stripped from head to foot and his body searched carefully. A small knife made of steal from the bottom of a shoe was found in the lining of his drawers. He was very anxious for the means of committing suicide. He cursed his wife and sister yesterday in his cell for crying, and drove them out. He entertained his friends all the evening by mimicking the Atlanta Sheriff and telling racy jokes. He slept quietly, having drank a good deal. Priests spent the morning with him, and when ordered to go to the scaffold he refused to leave his cell unless they gave him morphine. Being fooled with quinine, he went out smoking a cigar, joked all the way with the Sheriff, and smiled and nodded at the bystanders. Reaching the scaffold, he refused to go up till he had a drink of whiskey. While taking it a street evangelist approached him, and asked him about his soul. The priest ordered the evangelist off, saying Johnson had chosen him as his adviser. The evangelist pointed solemnly to a big card, on which was painted: "The blood of Jesus cleanses all sins," and said, "Mr. Johnson, this is the time," and withdrew. He went up the scaffold

With a Drunken Swagger,

Smoking a cigar. After looking at the crowd he asked that the box be lifted from the coffin so he could see it. He said, "That coffin is pretty good." Then he asked for more whiskey. Being refused, he asked for the Judge that sentenced him, and told him his last request was for one more drink. The Judge consented. The priest handed him holy water; he tasted it, with an oath threw it under the scaffold, and said he thought it was gin. He made a speech in a defiant way, and confessed the killing of four men. He closed by saying: "This crowd look like straw in a haystack. I wish somebody will count them if it don't take too long." He resisted the adjustment of the noose, but finally consented if they would

Let Him Tie It Himself.

He held a cross in his hand while he made his confession. When he was tied he asked for it, and died with it in his hands. He made no profession of religion, and requested that the black cap should not be put on. When he saw the drop was only five feet he insisted that the rope should be lengthened, and it was made seven feet. He asked the doctor if that would break his neck. He was very much afraid of strangulation. The drop fell at a quarter to two, and he died in seventeen minutes of strangulation. In his confession Johnson said he knew he had friends in the crowd prepared to rescue him, but said it was no use try it. Several alleged confessions were peddled about the grounds after the hanging. The crowd numbered 15,000 people, and excursion trains were run from all quarters. There were few disturbances. Johnson asked to be hung at half-past eleven. He wanted to get to the next world by dinner-time, as he had eaten a light breakfast.

FOUR EXECUTIONS.

A Clergyman Hanged in the Presence of 7,000 Witnesses.

Nashville, March 15.—Fully seven thousand people witnessed the execution of Brown Coble, the negro preacher, at Winchester, for the murder of another colored man named Gardner, of whom Coble was jealous. Rev. Lovett visited Coble in jail, and prayed for him. Coble seemed concerned, but on Lovett's leaving he began to deride the Sheriff and other officers. Coble's wife was present at the jail, and seemed in the best of humor. Great trouble was experienced in selecting a place for the gallows on account of opposition of residents. The spot finally selected was a quarter of a mile from Winchester, in a bottom on the bank of Elk river. From sunrise crowds began pouring in, and by noon the place of execution presented the appearance of an immense camp. The saloons in town all remained open, and toward noon drunkenness became very prevalent.

The Sheriff gave Coble the full extent of time. The condemned man arrived at the scaffold at 2 P. M., and mounted the steps with a firm tread. When asked if he had anything to say he made a brief speech, reiterating what he had said in his statement before he left Nashville.

He protested his innocence, and declared that the witnesses lied. He was ready to die, and would go to Heaven. At 2:50 the Sheriff adjusted the black cap, cut the rope and the drop fell. The rope was too long, Coble's feet touching the ground. He fell about four feet, sufficient to break his neck. The Sheriff pulled up the rope and tied it higher. With one shrug of the shoulders all was over with Coble. He was pronounced dead in seven minutes and cut down in twenty-five. Coble seemed to have no friends. Every body considered him guilty. His speech from the scaffold caused no emotion whatever.

A Monster Disposed of.

Concord, N. H., March 15.—Joseph La Page, alias Joseph Parish, was executed in the State Prison to-day for the murder of Josie A. Langmaid, aged seventeen years, at Pembroke, on October 3, 1875. La Page confessed the murder of Miss Langmaid, and Miss Bail, a school teacher, at St. Albans, in 1874.

A Triple Murderer Hanged.

Columbia, S. C., March 15.—The friends and family of Robert McEvoy, the murderer who was executed to-day, made strenuous efforts last week to have the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. Governor Hampton, however, refusing to grant the commutation prayed for, McEvoy on Saturday, and for the first time, confessed to having participated in at least two other brutal murders besides that for which he is now under sentence of death. A second effort was made yesterday to obtain a respite, in order to induce him to make a full confession. The Governor, however, refused to grant this also, and he was, therefore, executed to-day in private, in accordance with the law just passed by the present Legislature.

Confessed to Four Murders.

Atlanta, Ga., March 15.—Gus Johnson, the murderer of the negro ferryman Alfred, was hanged at Rome to-day. A tremendous crowd was present. Johnson confessed to four murders.

RUSSIAN TROOPS TO BE STATIONED AROUND THE TURKISH CAPITAL UNTIL THE FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Two Regularly Fitted Torpedo Ships of The Russians in the Bosphorus Carrying Six Torpedo Boats.

London, March 21.—A special dispatch to the *Times* from Vienna says: "According to the treaty of San Stefano the evacuation of European Turkey, except Bulgaria, must be completed three days after definitive peace, and a portion of the Russian troops may embark on the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora.

"It is doubtless on the strength of these conditions that the Russians are now beginning to march their troops for shipment in the neighborhood of Constantinople. As they may begin operations at once, Russia has insured herself the right, or at any rate the possibility, of having a portion of her troops always around Constantinople until the final settlement is signed."

London, March 21.—A dispatch from Vienna says all the powers except France oppose England's demand for a submission of the whole treaty to the congress.

In the house of commons this afternoon, Sir Stafford Northcote stated that there were now thirteen vessels in the British fleet near Constantinople.

The iron clads passed through the straits under a protest from the Turkish government, but the government saw no reason against keeping the ships in their present position.

The Morning Post prints a second edition, containing the following dispatch:

"Pera, March 21.—The Russians have in the Bosphorus two regularly fitted torpedo ships carrying six torpedo boats."

London, March 21.—In the house of lords to-night the Earl of Derby replying to a long and discursive speech of Lord Strathedeu, on eastern affairs, said for obvious reasons the fleet should not be sent into the Black Sea at the present moment. He protested against the repetition of unfounded statements relative to dissensions in the cabinet. The government had not asked that Greece should enter the congress on the same footing as the great powers, but simply that she should be represented as a means of making her voice and claims heard. The government had never proposed that Russia should submit the peace conditions to decisions by the majority of the congress. They asked that all of the articles should be submitted for discussion and discussion only, that being the only possible manner of deciding which of them affected European interests. This was the sole question now at issue. He was not prepared to say what answer Russia would give, but he thought the demand of the government was reasonable and moderate and unless it was complied with there would be very little use for the congress to meet at all.

A BRITISH TRAINING-SHIP CAPSIZED IN A SQUALL OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Only two Persons out of a Crew of Four Hundred Known To Have Been Saved.

London, March 24.—The British naval training-ship Eurydice, with 400 men on board, has capsized on the south coast of the Isle of Wight.

The Eurydice capsized off Dunnose-head at 4:30 o'clock this afternoon in a sudden squall. One boy and a seaman were saved.

The Admiral, on receiving news of the disaster, immediately despatched a steamer to the scene of the wreck.

The Latest Information.

The Eurydice was under full sail when she was overtaken by a snow-storm, accompanied by heavy squalls. The sun shone again brilliantly shortly afterwards but nothing was then visible except a few boxes floating down the Channel. The survivors say they saw the ship suck down many as she sank.

——The Evangelical appointments for the Williamsport district are:

M. J. Carothers, P. E.

Lock Haven—J. J. Lohr.

DuBoistown—A. W. Maxwell.

Jersey Shore—Jacob Boas and G. H. Schleh.

Nittany Valley—R. Young and J. C. Reeser.

Sugar Valley—D. P. Kline.

Brush Valley—J. Kreamer.

Centre—C. F. Deininger and J. D. Stover.

Lycoming—J. G. M. Swengle.

Williamsport Circuit—D. W. Miller.

Williamsport (Bennett street)—W. E. Detweiler.

Milesburg—J. M. King.

Liberty—N. Young and J. A. Hertz.

Canton—A. Stapleton.

Centre Hall—W. H Stover.

Newberry—P. W Group.

Danville—J. H. Peters.

Seneca Falls—U. F. Swengle.

A FIRST CLASS BUSINESS CHANCE.—HARDWARE, TINWARE AND STOVE STORE FOR SALE.—Located at Spring Mills, Centre county, Pa., the terminus of the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek railroad. Is now a very good stand, and will be one of the best in the State this year and in the future. The tin-shop alone will and does pay well, as there are none nearer than Millheim and Centre Hall, both about 6 miles off. We can convince any parties wishing to buy that it is a good business point. Will sell store room and contents at first cost. Our reason for selling is that one of us expects to be away a greater part of this summer in the water and steam governor business, in which we have lately become largely interested, and our business in the Bellefonte store requiring our whole attention. This is a good chance for any one desiring this line of business. For particulars, inquire of the below mentioned firm at their place of business in Bellefonte. THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

That old Brick Building at 6th and Market in Philadelphia where Wanamaker and Brown.

STARTED to earn a good name by making ONLY Real Good Clothing is this year

"Full and running over" with that kind of Clothing that Men and Boys may = DEPEND ON

Please Call W & B OAK Hall.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires the growth of the nations of modern Europe, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.

It contains 672 fine historical engravings and 1260 large double column pages, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address.

NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 24 mar. 4t.

Crayon-painting.—*Get your Photographs Enlarged*—The undersigned is prepared to enlarge all Photographs, in which the features are plain, especially the eyes. In sending pictures always mention the Color of Eyes and Hair. Price, $1 for one person, and 75 cts. each for all taken from the same photograph thereafter. Handsome Frames furnished at the following prices. 8x10 Oval, .75 .90 and 1.20. Square, .75 1.00 and 1.25. In ordering, mention the kind (oval or square), also the price of frame you want. If not inconvenient, persons are expected to come for their pictures, being notified when finished. For further particulars address.

CHAS. W DERSTINE, *Centre Hall, Pa*

DIPTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Bangor, Maine. 14 march 6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration on the estate of John B. Royer, of Potter twp, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

JACOB F. ROYER.
21feb6t Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration on the estate of Nancy Kreider, of Penn twp, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

PHILIP KREIDER, Adm'r.
21feb6w Wolf's Store.

GRAHAM & SON.

Graham & Son are offering extra inducements to

CASH BUYERS.

We have the largest and cheapest stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

in Bellefonte and are determined to sell at such prices as will suit the pockets of every one. Now is the time to buy your fall and winter stock. You can get a good solid Leather Button Shoe for Ladies, from $2.00 to 2.50.

Ladies' coarse shoes,	$1 25
Mens' coarse boots,	2 50
Childrens' school shoes,	1.00
Mens' wool lined gum boots,	3,00
" " " Buckle overshoes,	1.50
" " " Congress gaiters,	1.50
" " " Alashas,	1.00
" all gum overshoes,	.85
Womens' all gum overshoes,	.40
Misses' all gum overshoes,	.35
Mens' lumberman's gums, solid heel extra heavy,	1 35

Let it be distinctly understood that these are all first-class Rubber Goods. 20maytf

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

.....Special Notices.....

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, FRECKLES PIMPLES and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful, also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3 ct. stamp, Box. Vandelf & Co, 20 Ann St., N. Y.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address, E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instruction and Amusement combined. Important to parents and teachers. 36 different artistic designs. The entire pack sent free for 25 cts. currency or stamps. Van Dolf & Co. 20 Ann St., N. Y.

$57.60 AGENTS profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles, just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 218 Fulton St., New York.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence.

JOHN B. OGDEN, 43 Cedar St., New York. 24 jan 6mo.

Candy Manufactory & Bakery.

Mr. Albert Kauth,

At the

BISHOP STREET BAKERY,

is now making the very best

BREAD, CAKES AND PIES,

in Bellefonte.

Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him at low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.

An Excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me. ALBERT KAUTH. nov15

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS

S. T. Shugert, having purchased the Drug store on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, next door to the hardware Store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked and filled it out with all the most popular

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY
SOAPS, COMBS AND BRUSHES,
TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, BRACES,
FANCY AND TOILET
ARTICLES, &c., &c., &c.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only. Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

This Store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.

19aptf S. T. SHUGERT.

W M. P. M'MANUS, Attorney at-law Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Jas McManus, esq. 23jul7

BRICK FOR SALE.—First class brick will be kept on hand for sale by J. O. Deininger at Zerbe's Centre Hall brick yards. These brick are offered so low that it will pay persons at a distance to come here for them.

Intending to continue in the manufacture of brick they will be kept constantly on hand, and fair inducements offered to purchasers.

17 aug tf. H. E. ZERBE

D F. FORTNEY Attorney at Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynolds bank. 14may'69

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney at Law Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building.

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address Stinson & Co, Portland, Maine. 28 mar.y

—We print envelopes as low as $1 per thousand. Send us your envelopes. We print letter heads, and statements as low as $1.25 per 1000, when persons find the paper. This is lower

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. March 28 '78.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 Jan '76" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1876, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 836, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 437, F. & A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 1 P. M. and every two weeks after. Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHONE, Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Monday last three Mollies, Hester, M'Hugh and Tully, were to hang.

—Mr. John Hoffer has removed his store to the room formerly occupied by Keller & Musser, on Bishop street, Bellefonte, where goods of all kinds will be offered as heretofore at lowest prices, and assortment always full, complete and up to the times.

—A fellow is canvasing the lower counties professing to sell a new kind of cloverseed at $1 50 per pound. It is of course a swindle—so if he comes up here kick him out.

—That was a smart chap in Union county who tapped chestnut trees to get maple sugar sap. 'Praps he's a gradeate, too. Nominate him for Ass. Judge.

—Go to F. P. Greens for drugs, fancy and toilet articles. He keeps the most complete assortment in the county. He also puts up some of the best home medicines compounded, and his compound syrup of tar has no superior for coughs, colds, etc.

—This year our pugilistic turnpike company held its annual election away down east in Mifflinburg, and elected the following directors and officers: Prest —John Stoner. Managers—Adam Weaver, J. B. Leitzel, Theo. Hartman, Wm Fichthorn and John Stoner. Sec'y and Treasurer—Jno. C. Motz.

This would indicate that Christ Motz is on top again.

—The Odd Fellows, of Centre Hall lodge, like the Masons, are furnishing their room in the new bank building in elegant style. Their membership is pretty large here.

—Sudden change in the weather Sunday. In the evening snowstorms, with fierce storms and cold all night, continuing thus all day Monday.

—Dr. Thomas Rothrock, who lately escaped conviction at Lock Haven on the charge of abortion, the jury standing six to six, has been arrested and put in jail in Bellefonte in default of bail on the charge of causing the death of widow Ettles in attempting to produce abortion. Deceased left seven children.

—We have recently received a number of chromos and engravings from Mr. George Stinson & Co., art publishers, Portland, Maine. The pictures are exceedingly well executed. Indeed in all our business relations with this firm, we have always found them to be prompt and honorable.

— Yesterday I had such a bad cold that I could not speak. I used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and to-day I am as well as ever. It only cost me 25 cents.

—Godey's Lady's Book, The April number now before us is filled with matter of absorbing interest to ladies. The numerous engravings representing the newest styles in ladies' and children's garments, together with the instructions given for making the same, possess intrinsic value for those whose aim is to keep even with the time.

—Sechlers keep up with the season always in the line of groceries. Whatever is in season you will find in Sechler's, in the Bush house block. Their assortment of groceries can not be excelled outside the city. Always in receipt of fresh goods. All kinds of county produce taken at highest market price, and goods given in exchange at cash prices. Give them a call, it is worth while just to see their handsomely arranged store.

—Newman has been to the city for a new stock of Clothing. Look out for something astonishing in low prices. He is the low-price clothing man. He keeps honest goods. Has only a small profit but then he sells more than any half dozen stores. Go and see the immense stock at the Eagle Clothing Hall. You will find him one of the cleverest fellows doing business, and give you big bargains in anything in the line of ready made Clothing.

—Go to Frank Green's for the best fishing tackle, or any kind of fancy article, drugs, medicines, etc., etc.

—Try Sechler's prunes and dried and canned peaches, if you want something nice. Sold very low.

OUR FAVORITE MONTHLIES.

A WORD ABOUT THEM.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly and Sunday Magazine, the April Numbers of which are now ready and may be obtained at most any book store, at all newsdealers, or post-paid from Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 537 Pearl Street, New York, on receipt of price, 25 cents each, are indeed marvels of excellence and cheapness.

Having but recently called the attention of our readers to our notice of the latest number of the Sunday Magazine, we will now confine ourselves to a brief synopsis of the April Number of the Popular Monthly. It contains articles as follows: "The Rio Grande Frontier, and our Relations with Mexico," by Egbert L. Viele; "How Elections are Conducted in France," by William Staughton Chase; "Oppression of Christians the Cause of Turkey's Fall"; "The Application of Heat to the Warming of Public and Private Buildings," by Professor Charles A. Joy; "Parisian Salons of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," by Henry Barton Baker. Stories by the author of "That Husband of Mine," S. Annie Frost, Etta W. Pierce, the author of "That Less of Lowrie's," and others; also numerous interesting paragraphs on a variety of subjects to please everybody. 100 illustrations and 128 quarto pages. Annual Subscription to either the Magazine or Monthly, $3, post-paid.

Beautifully bound Volumes III. and IV. of the Popular Monthly (for 1877) are ready, and may be obtained from the publishers, post-paid, on receipt of price, $2 per volume. Volumes I. and II. of the Sunday Magazine (for 1877) are also to be had; Volume I. for $2, Volume II. for $2.50, post-paid

The two semi-annual volumes of either of the above mentioned books contain at least 1,536 quarto pages and over 1,200 illustrations—volumes to be treasured in the family.

GHASTLY EFFECTS OF A FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION—MANGLED MASSES OF HUMAN FLESH.

Richmond, Va., March 23.—There was an appalling disaster yesterday in the sawmill of Hull & Alvis, in Henrice county, seven miles from this city. A large boiler exploded. Every individual, in the works, the shed and lumber yard were blown in all directions. A negro named Burkle Thomas was blown high into the air and descending the body fell into a pine tree, part of his clothing and flesh being held in the branches. The body of Gordon Rollins was blown into the creek fifty feet off. He was scalded and half his head taken off, and not found. Joseph Hall, son of the manager was horribly mangled his brains being dashed over the hearth a distance 100 feet from the boiler. Edgar Hall, another son, was not killed instantly but his skull was crushed in, and his brains protruded through the fractures. He died soon afterward. John C. Thorp, the sawyer, was buried in the debris of the building, and when rescued was alive, and lived for an hour and a half. The engineer was scalded all over the body and injured internally.

—The upholstering of the masonic lodge in this place is now completed and we venture to say that there is not a handsomer lodge room in the central part of the state. The floor is laid with elegant Brussels carpet; along the two sides of the walls are large cozy walnut sofas, covered with fine blue rep goods; the chairs of the W. M. and S. W. are large and stately and nicely cushioned to correspond with sofas. The altar, and all other necessary furniture is new and of walnut. The middle of the ceiling is adorned with an artistic floral centre piece, in which are conspicuous emblems of the masonic order, and from this is suspended a handsome six globe chandelier. All in the room is new and elegant, and much good taste is shown in the manner in which it has been furnished. We think it but proper to mention that all the furniture in the room aforesaid, is of the workmanship of Mr. Camp, cabinet maker in this place, and is an evidence that he is capable of putting out first class work. Our friend Camp will allow us to congratulate him upon these specimens of his skill—he may well feel proud of them.

—At Deschner's gunshop, Bellefonte, you will find new fishing tackle. New flies, patent lines, rods, reels, and hooks of all kinds. Deschner keeps the best assortment in the county, and can furnish you with tackle for any kind of fishing.

—The dwelling of widow Knox, on Buffalo Run, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday of last week. The most of the contents were saved. The fire originated from the pipe. No insurance.

—Hurrah for Churchville—it has now received a post office, and is called Tusseyville, with our friend S. M. Swartz, as postmaster. Henceforth say Tusseyville, and let Churchville become obsolete.

—First class Italian marble, low prices and work equal to any in the city, at Heisler's marble yard, Bellefonte.

SPRING MILLS.

In your last paper I see an item about the bad condition of the pike. You need not expect any improvement this summer. The manager of this section says the Company is so much in debt that they are not able to have much work done on it—only the worst places will be fixed. So you may look out for bad roads and high toll. Rumor has it that I. J. Grenoble intends putting up a grain house at the cut on a lot bought of Peter Wilson. The Messrs. Moyer are shipping some very fine cattle from this point. Mr. George Durst, jr., also shipped some fine cattle to Philad. Thos. Jameson who has been suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs is improving. Mr. Runkle also shipped some live stock—cows and hogs—last week; the hogs got off the cars and the boys had fine fun catching them. This makes four loads live stock shipped in one week. The mill, under Mr. Kerlin's management, has gained a large custom. There is talk of reviving the Sabbath school again, and some think it need remodeling and new appointments. X.

—FOR SALE CHEAP—In order to sell off all the feed I have on hand before the 1st of April—I offer best Chop at $1,00 per hundred or $18 per ton, also all kinds of grain for sale. JEROME SPIGELMYER.
2t. Stone Mills.

—Never fail to visit Sechler's grocery in the Bush house block, when at Bellefonte. Always something there worth seeing. The best assortment of groceries in this county—all genuine, pure and fresh, and sold low. All kinds of produce taken at highest market prices. They take pleasure in showing visitors what they keep Nothing misrepresented, and the politest attention given.

—BLACK SMITH SHOP and Dwelling House at Penn Hall, offered for Rent. A good stand. Possession given April 1st, next. Apply to J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall, Pa. 14 mar 3t

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that D. G. Bush, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Congress, subject to democratic rules.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. Ehrhard, of Potter will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

PROTHONOTARY.

Mr. S. M. Swartz, of Potter, desires to inform his friends and democrats that he will be a candidate for the nomination of Prothonotary. 4t

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me, and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors, and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 24th day of April, A. D. 1878, for confirmation and allowance:

1. The account of Harriet McGinley, administratrix of &c. of Charles McGinley, late of Huston township, deceased.
2. The account of John Musser, jr., executor of &c. of Geo. Musser, late of Ferguson twp. dec'd.
3. The account of Samuel Harter, guardian of Philip P Leitzel, minor son of Philip Leitzel, late of Centre county, deceased.
4. The account of J. H. Reifsnyder, administrator of &c., of D. H. Willow, late of Penn twp. dec'd.
5. The account of Martin Eyer and Samuel Eyer, executors of &c. of Jacob Eyer, late of Ferguson twp. dec'd.
6. The account of George Kauffman and J. M. Garbrick, administrators of &c. of Jacob Kauffman, late of Spring twp. dec'd.
7. The account of William and Israel Yearick, administrators of &c of William Yearick, sr. late of Gregg twp. dec'd.
8. The account of Samuel Ralston, executor of &c. of Geo. Crain, late of Taylor township, dec'd.
9. The account of John Rishel and William Homan, executors of &c. of Jacob Homan, late of Gregg twp. dec'd.
10. The 3rd. partial account of Col. Jno. Rishel, executor of &c. of Peter Durst, late of Potter twp. dec'd
11. The account of John Rockey, guardian of James P. Swartz a miner son of George Swartz, late of Spring twp., dec'd.
12. The account of Jonathan Weaver, guardian of Nathaniel Weaver minor son of Solomon Weaver, late of Miles twp. dec'd.
13. The account of Adam Hoy, executor of &c. of Thomazine M. Potter, late of the borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.
14. The account of Michael Schenck, guardian of William S. Beachdel minor son of David Beachdel, late of Liberty twp. dec'd.
15. The account of C. M. Bower, administrator of &c. of Harriet F. Kinsloe, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd
16. The final account of Isaac S. Frain, guardian of Mary G. Candy, William M. Leoder and George E. Leoder minor children of —— Leoder, late of Marion twp. dec'd.
17. The account of Wm E. Burchfield and James T Stewart, executors of &c. of William Burchfield, late of Harris twp. dec'd.
18. The account of S. A. Brew, administrator of &c. of Sarah F. Barrett, late of the borough of Bellefonte dec'd.
19. The account of Mary Wassan, administratrix *de bonis non* of &c. of George E. Wasson, late of College twp. dec'd.
20. The partial account of T. F. Patton and R. G. Brett, administrators of &c. of J. E. Thomas, late of Ferguson twp dec'd.
21. The first partial account of James Duck, Michael Duck and Henry E. Duck, administrators of &c. of J. Henry Duck, late of Gregg twp. dec'd.
22. The partial account of John B Wagner and Michael Strohm, exectiors of &c. of Barnet Wagner, late of Potter twp. dec'd.
23. The first partial account of J. H. Stover and J. B. Alexander, administrators of &c. of Joseph Alexander, late of Union twp., dec'd.
24. The account of Wm. A. and S F. Ishler, administrators of &c. of Sarah Ishler, late of Benner twp. dec'd.
25. First and final account of M. P Weaver, administrator of &c. of George Loneberger, late of Milesburg borough dec'd.
26. The first and partial account of David McMonigle, executor of &c. of Stephen H. McMonigle, late of Taylor twp. dec'd.
27. The eleventh annual account of Daniel Rhoads and John Irwin, jr., surviving trustees under the will of Wm. A. Thomas, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.
28. The account of Samuel M. Irwin, administrator of &c. of Margaret Johnston, late of Bellefonte boro. dec'd.

Registers office, } WM. E. BURCHFIELD,
March 25, 1878. } Register.
25 mar. 4t.

THREE MURDERS FOR THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

Wheeling, March 23.—John Wallace has confessed the murder of Mrs. George Wallace and child and of Miss Church, at Littleton. He says Mrs. Wallace had talked badly about him and his wife, and that after killing her the baby began to cry and he grew angry and battered its head against the fence. He then concluded he would kill Miss Church, and went back to the house and asked her for something to eat, and as she passed him he struck her with the hammer he had used to kill Mrs. Wallace. After killing her he went home, and slept until the next morning, when he gave the alarm, in order to screen himself. He tried to implicate a man named Villars, who, he says, offered him $30 to kill Mrs. Wallace. This confession is only partly true, as both Mrs. Wallace and Miss Church were outraged. The Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree against John Wallace. Only the greatest efforts on the part of the authorities has prevented the lynching of the murderer long before this.

The revolution in Cuba is still going on, and a large portion of the island is still in the hands of the insurgents.

For the Reporter.

THE POWER OF PURPOSE.

The Lecture delivered by Dr. Keys, in Millheim, appears to have been too much for the comprehension of the learned critic who passes his judgment to the public through the columns of the *Journal*. It was my good fortune to have attended it; and heard it for the second time from the Dr. Having the pleasure of a close personal acquaintance with him, he told me that he simplified his language as much as possible, in order to meet the wants of his auditors. And yet, he appears to have been misunderstood. I will endeavor to explain the Doctor's meaning, not using his language, of course, but in more ordinary every day terms.

Purpose bears the same relation to natural talent or genius that the locomotive bears to a train of cars; it is the propelling power which leads a man's talent or genius on to success. A man does not require to be a Columbus or a Napolean to be a great man. What is termed accident, sometimes floats a man to the surface: for instance, Gen'l Grant, Andy Johnson, and a host of others who might be mentioned; but this class of men are not necessarily *great* men, in the true sense of the word. There are plenty of men in private life their peers in education, refinement and ability, who are truly great men. A man is a great man when he is true to his God, to himself and to his fellow men; true to his feelings of humanity, honesty, liberality, integrity and all that constitutes a higher, a better, a nobler life; when he sets his mark high in the great scale of the Creator, and pushes forward with a life purpose to the accomplishment of noble designs.

Dr. Keys never meant to be understood that an Artist, by power of purpose, might have made a good wood cutter; or that a Sculptor, by power of purpose, could be transformed into a successful Lawyer. He meant just what the parable of the Talents mean, in Scripture, as taught by Jesus—that God has given to us talents, whether small or great, and that he will hold us responsible for the use we make of those talents. He meant to show us what Purpose has done by applying it to the talents of man.

The object of the Lecture was to implant in every man the necessity of forming a purpose in life. Without a purpose it is impossible to achieve success. Talents undeveloped, will lie hidden within the human breast as gold, quiet and motionless as yonder train of cars upon the track, but, hitch on the locomotive, and what was once dead and silent, will receive new life and assume an unexpected activity. To those hidden talents, attach an active living purpose, and we see a new creature full of life and animation. What are the numberless great inventions which we put into daily use for our convenience and comfort but the result of purpose? Was the application of steam to machinery, the invention of the sewing machine, the telegraph, your mowers and reapers, your steam plows, you printing presses the result of genius or of purpose? Many a noble man has worked and studied, through want, in poverty and rags, hunger and cold, year after year for the accomplishment of a purpose through which the world was to be benefited. Were they not great men in their results? The world too often frowns upon a man to-day, while delving in the undeveloped mysteries of some great purpose, and lauds him, to-morrow, when his efforts have been crowned with success. The great point is, that there are too many men living without purpose, who have talents, but their talents do not accomplish anything, and lives and dies with them, and the world don't know they had it. Of the man who forms a fixed, resolute and determined purpose, the world is apt to say "why that man is just adapted to that business, he was just cut out for what he is doing" We are very apt when some great man delivers a speech, to say "How easy for a man like him to say just the right thing in the right place." Ask such men as Daniel Webster, George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, whether their ready speeches are the result of talent? They will tell you that it was only after years of patient toil, study and practice that they were able to accomplish it. There is no such thing as being born with fully developed talents. *The credit is due to purpose*, THAT we form and carry out ourselves. God gives us the talent, whether we develop it or not.

Then again, there is such a thing as a man developing his talent, but not having a purpose in life; it neither benefits himself or his fellow men. We are not to live within the narrow limits of self; we are held accountable for the use we make of our abilities, they were not given us to be folded in a napkin. We live in a world of human beings, and are dependent creatures. Our present advanced state of society and civilization is due to the results of purpose, as wrought out by those who have lived in the past, and future generations will live on the results of the purposes of those of to-day.

The characters whom Dr. Keys took as illustrations of the power of purpose, were all men who sprang from humble walks of life, and from most unpromising surroundings, who had worked their way from obscurity, under difficulties, to a position of prominence and note. Men who fought their path, step by step, through every obstacle, inspired by the one grand idea. This is the position in which every young man is placed. Every drunkard in the gutter, every bar-room loafer, every swaggering rowdy, every prison convict might have made a better man of himself, if he had had a laudable purpose in life. It was not the lack of genius or talent, but of having no purpose, which has hindered his success, and made life a failure. B. F. W.

Rebersburg, Pa., Mar. 14.

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that the following named persons have filed their petitions for license in the office of the Clerk of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for Centre county, and that application will be made at the next Sessions of said Court to grant the same:

Fred. Smith,	Bellefonte Boro.	Saloon.
Housel & Teller,	do	Tavern.
R D. Cummings,	do	do
Dan'l Garman,	do	do
Augustus Krom,	do	do
Edward Brown,	do	do
F. J. M'Collum,	do	do
Jacob Manassas,	do	Saloon
H. C Yeager,	do	do
A Baum,	do	Whole-sale.
Sam'l H Kunes,	Liberty twp.	Tavern
Henry Robb,	Walker twp.	do
Jno. H. Odenkirk,	Potter twp.	do
Jonathan Kreamer,	Penn twp.	do
R. V. Shaffer,	Howard boro.	do
John Spangler,	Potter twp.	do
W. S. Musser,	Penn twp.	do
Gotleib Hasg,	Spring twp.	do
Robert Loyd,	Philipsburg boro.	do
Martin Leitzel,	Potter twp.	do
Alo's Kohlbecker,	Boggs twp.	do

A. WILLIAMS,
March 26, 1878. Clerk.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER'S

PRICE LIST

—OF—

NEW SPRING GOODS.

While it is impossible to give anything like a complete price-list of our immense stock of Spring Goods now open, the following items from each of several departments, are named as indicating the prices now prevailing throughout the house.

SILKS.

DAMASSE SILKS,	50 cts.	COLORED SILKS,	75 cts. to $1.
In Party and Street Shades.		In all the New Shades.	
STRIPE SILKS	50 cts.	BLACK DRESS SILKS,	75 cts. to $1.
Black and White and Colored.		A heavy Silk at the latter price.	

DRESS FABRICS.

SHEPHERD'S PLAIDS,	10 cts.	TWILLED BEIGE, (soft-wool,)	25 cts.
NEW SPRING PLAIDS,	12½ cts.	MARICILLA CAMEL'S HAIR,	22 cts.
SPRING SUITINGS,	12½ cts.	Never sold less than 37½ cts.	
SPRING CASHMERES, (¾ wool)	15 cts.	BEAUTIFUL NOVELTIES,	30 cts.
PACIFIC & MANCHESTER FANCIES		EXTRA QUALITIES & STYLES,	37½ cts
Good styles, 20 cts.; usual price	25 cts.	ONE CASE ARMURES,	25 cts.
MATELASSE BEIGE,	20 and 25 cts.	Never sold less than 35 cts.	
PLAIN BEIGE MOHAIR,	20 cts	PURE MOHAIR BRILLIANTINES,	31 cts.

ALL-WOOL BUNTING in wonderful variety of Qualities and Colors.

PRINTS.

DARK CALICOES,	4 cts.	WIDE SPRING CHINTZES,	7 & 8 cts.
SPRING CALICOES,	5 and 6 cts.	STRING GINGHAMS,	8 and 10 cts.

HOSIERY.

LADIES' PIN STRIPE HOSE,	39 cts.	MISSES' FULL REGULAR MADE	
Full regular made.		HOSE, Handsome dark stripe,	25 cts.
BEST ENGLISH HALF HOSE,	20 cts.	Sizes: 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½.	
Double heels and toes.			

LINENS.

SERGE CRETONNES,	25 cts.	NAPKINS & DOYLIES,	50 c. to $3 per doz.
NEW BASKET CRETONNES,	45 cts.	FINE LINEN FOR LADIES' WEAR,	
STAIR LINENS,	14 cts. to 36 cts.	25 cents per yard.	
EXTRA HUCK TOWELS, $2.75 per doz		SCOTCH LINEN SHEETING, 90 cts. to $1.25.	

MUSLINS.

YARD WIDE BLEACHED MUSLIN, 6¼ cts. A good Shirting Muslin.	2¼ YARDS WIDE SHEETING MUSLIN, 15 cts.
YARD WIDE BROWN MUSLIN, 6¼ cts. A good Sheeting Muslin.	GOOD CANTON FLANNELS, 6¼ cts.
	WIDE BED SPREADS, 65 cts. to $1.

We gratefully acknowledge large numbers of kind letters from all over the United States, attesting the great satisfaction of shopping through our Mail Order Department. Samples sent to those requesting them.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. cor. Eighth and Market Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

—Marble mantels, monuments, head and foot stone, of the most exquisite workmanship, at Heisler's marble works, Bellefonte.

—Mr. Figels has rented J. T. Lee's smith shop, and will carry it on at the old stand.

—Mike Kerstetter of Penn moves to one of the Brockerhoff farm near Bellefonte. John Snyder from Pl. Gap to the Dr. Smith farm, Centre Hall.

—We wish all boys to observe that a printing office is not a losing place.

MARRIED.

At Spring Mills, Mar. 21, by Rev. W. E Fischer, William S. Tucker, of Clearfield, Pa. and Flora E. Fabrion, of Spring Mills, Pa

DIED.

At Red Mills, Mar 12, 1878, of inflammation, Catharine Elisabeth Kreider, only daughter of Sam'l and Mary Kreider, aged 7 yrs., 7 mos. and 6 da.

On the 28th ultimo, Margaret Elsie, daughter of John H. and Emma Markle, of Pine Grove Mills, aged 7 months.

At Pine Grove Mills, on the 7th inst., Vincent, son of Dr. A. J. and L. A. Orndorf, aged 2 years, 3 months and 17 days.

Oh! cruel death;
Our hearts thou hast bereft:
But heaven reserves for us the joy—
To meet, and
Know, and
Have again
Our bright-eyed darling boy.

A FRIEND.

J. D. MURRAY,

[Successor to J. K. Miller & Son.]

Dealer in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Articles, Dye Stuffs, and Druggist's Sundries. Full Stock of Confectioneries.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS For Medicinal Purposes

THE BEST BRANDS OF

CIGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS IN STOCK.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED

Have secured the services of Dr. J. F. Alexander, who will attend to the Compounding of Prescriptions. 28 mar. y.

Penn's Valley Institute.

The third term of this ACADEMIC SCHOOL will commence on the third Monday (15) in April, and continue ten weeks Board from $2.50 to $3 per week No deduction on account of absence, unless in case of protracted sickness. Location desirable. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

3m G. W. FORTNEY, Centre Hall, Pa.

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of Jacob Grove, in Potter twp., March 5, a black horse, five years old, about 14 hands high, with star on forehead. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and remove the same, otherwise it will be dealt with according to law. J. R. ALEXANDER,
14 mar 3t Town Clerk.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against the purchase of a note given by me, (with John Rossman as bail) to Jacob Grove, for one hundred dollars, dated Feb. 27, 1878, not having received value for same, I will not pay it unless compelled by law.
Mar 14, 3t. J. C. ROSSMAN.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Elizabeth Lee, of Potter township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

A. LUCKENBACH,
Mar 14, 6t. Executor.

PENNSYLVANIA RR.

Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, May 13, 1877, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWRD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p m
" "	Harrisburg	4 25 a m
" "	Montandon	6 57 a m
" "	Williamsport	9 35 a m
" "	Lock Haven	9 49 a m
" "	Renova	10 55 a m
" arr at	Erie	7 30 p m
NIAGARA EX. leaves	Phila.	7 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	10 50 a m
" "	Montandon	1 05 p m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 35 p m
" "	Renova	4 40 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	1 10 a m
" "	Harrisburg	3 35 p m
" "	Montandon	6 15 p m
" arr at	Williamsport	7 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 40 p m

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EX. leaves	Lock Haven	6 30 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 55 a m
" "	Montandon	9 08 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 55 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 45 p m
DAY EX. leaves	Renova	10 10 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 20 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 40 p m
" "	Montandon	1 47 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 10 p m
" "	Philadelphia	7 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renova	8 55 p m
" "	Lock Haven	9 45 p m
" "	Williamsport	11 05 p m
" "	Montandon	12 18 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	2 45 a m
" "	Philadelphia	7 00 a m
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 55 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 00 a m
" "	Philadelphia	7 35 a m

Erie Mail West Niagara Ex. West, Lock Haven Accommodation West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L & B RR trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Ex. West and Erie Ex. West and Lock Haven Accommodation West make close connection at Williamsport with NORW trains north.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B & E VRR trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L S & M S RR, at Corry with O C & A V RR, at Emporium with B N Y & P RR, and at Driftwood with A V RR.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Ex. West, Erie Ex. West, Philadelphia Express East, and Day Ex. East and Sunday Ex. East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN,
General Superintendent

FAVORITE PUBLICATIONS

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.—This beautiful periodical, the best American Family Journal, Story Paper and Home Friend, has been the successful rival of all the weekly Journals for the past thirteen years. It gained a place in the minds and hearts of our people, and now the name of its patrons is Legion.

This year the Chimney Corner seems to be better than ever. Its serial stories are of the most absorbing and lively character, of great power, true to life and full of merit, taking a wide range of subjects to please every member of a household—the domestic story for the mother, the charming love-tale for the daughters, the more dramatic for the young men, the solid novel for older readers, and then we have stirring adventure for the boys and fairy-tales for the children.

Habberton, Howard, Robinson, De Forest, Benedict, S. Annie Frost, Annie Thomas, Etta W. Pierce, and other eminent writers, are its regular contributors. The subjects treated of are very varied. The illustrations are profuse and they are all beautiful. Short stories, extremely interesting are completed in each number, while Biographies, Adventures, Essays, Fun, Travels, Natural History, Legends, Anecdotes, Science, etc., make this publication one of the most entertaining in existence.

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Chinese Law

A correspondent of the New York *Evangelist* thus describes his visit to a court in Canton, China: The court-room was very plain. A couple of judges sat behind tables, before whom a number of prisoners were brought in. The mode of proceeding was very foreign to American or European ideas. There was neither jury nor witnesses. This simplified matters exceedingly. There is no trial by jury in China. While we haggle and boggle about impaneling juries and getting testimony, and thus trials drag on for weeks, in China no such obstacle is allowed to impede the rapid course of justice, and, what is more, there are no lawyers to perplex the court with their arguments, but the judge has it all his own way. He is simply confronted with the accused, and they have it all between them.

While we stood here a number of prisoners were brought in; some were carried in baskets (as they are borne to execution), and dumped on the stone pavement like so many bushels of potatoes; others were led in with chains around their necks. As each one's name was called he came forward and fell on his knees before the judge and lifted up his hands to beg for mercy. He was then told of the crime of which he was accused, and given opportunity if he had anything to say in his own defense. There was no apparent harshness or cruelty toward him, except that he was presumed to be guilty, unless he could prove his innocence; contrary to the English maxim of law, that a man is to be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. In this, however, the Chinese practice is not very different from that which exists at this day in so enlightened a country as France.

In one case two men were accused of robbery with violence—a capital offense—but by the Chinese law no man can be punished with death unless he confesses his crime; hence every means is employed to lead a criminal to acknowledge his guilt. Of course in a case of life and death he will deny it as long as he can. But if he will not confess, the court proceeds to take stringent measures to make him confess, for which purpose these two men were now put to the torture. The mode of torture was this: There were two round pillars in the hall. Each man was on his knees, with his feet chained behind him, so that he could not stir. He was then placed with his back to one of these columns, and cords were fastened around his thumbs and great toes, and drawn back tightly to the pillow behind. This soon produces intense suffering. Their breasts heaved, the veins on their foreheads stood out like whipcords, and every feature betrayed the most excruciating agony. Every few minutes an officer of the court asked if you were ready to confess, and as often they answered, "No; never would they confess that they had committed such a crime." They were told if they did not confess, they would be subjected to still greater torture. But still they held out, though every moment seemed an hour of pain.

While these poor wretches were thus writhing in agony, I turned to the judge to see how he bore the spectacle of such suffering. He sat at his table quite unmoved; yet he did not seem like a brutal man, but like a man of education, such as one might see on the bench in England and America. He seemed to look upon it as the ordinary course of proceedings, and a necessary step in the conviction of a criminal. He used no bravado, and offered no taunt or insult. But the cries of the sufferers did not move him, nor prevent his taking his accustomed ease. He sat fanning himself and smoking his pipe, as if he said he could stand it as long as they could. The sight was too painful to witness more than a few moments, and I rushed away, leaving the men still hanging to the pillars of torture. I confess I felt a relief when I went back the next day, to hear that they had not yielded, but held out unflinchingly to the last.

How a Boy Goes on an Errand.

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm-boy that I sometimes think I should like to live life over again; I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores. There is great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is something astonishing how slow he can go on an errand—he who leads the school a race. The world is new and interesting to him, and there is so much to take his attention off when he is sent to do anything. Perhaps he could not explain himself, why, when he is sent to a neighbor's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs; he is not exactly cruel; but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. No other living thing can go so slow as a boy sent on an errand. His legs seems to be lead, unless he happens to espy a woodchuck in a adjoining lot, when he gives chase to it like a deer; and it is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower about doing anything than one, and that the more you have to help you on a piece of work the less is accomplished. Boys have a great power of helping each other to do nothing; and they are so innocent about it, and unconscious. "I went as quick as ever I could," says the boy. His father asks him why he didn't stay all night, when he has been absent three hours on a ten-minute errand. The sarcasm has no effect on the boy.

Going after cows was a serious thing in my day. I had to climb a hill which was covered with wild strawberries in the season. Could any boy pass by those ripe berries? And then, in the fragrant hill pasture there were beds of wintergreen with red berries, tufts of columbine, roots of sassafras to be dug, and dozens of things good to eat or to smell, that I could not resist. It sometimes even lay in my way to climb a tree to look for a crow's nest, or to swing in the top, and to try if I could see the steeple of the village church. It became very important sometimes for me to see that steeple, and in the midst of my investigations the tin horn would blow a great blast from the farm-house, which would send a cold chill down my back in the hottest days. I knew what it meant. It had a frightfully impatient quaver in it, not at all like the sweet note that called us to dinner from the hay field. It said: "Why on earth doesn't that boy come home, it is almost dark, and the cows ain't milked?" And that was the time the cows had to start into a brisk pace and make up for lost time. I wonder if any boy ever drove the cows home late who did not say that the cows were at the further end of the pasture, and that "Old Brindle" was hidden in the woods and he couldn't find her for ever so long! The brindle cow is the boy's scape-goat, many a time.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in "Being a Boy."*

An Old Bullfighter's Struggle.

The London *Times'* Madrid correspondent gives this incident of the bullfights which made a part of the festivities following the marriage of the King of Spain: Casas, commonly called Salamanchino, is a veteran *matador*, seventy years of age, who, having figured in Queen Isabella's marriage festivities, wished, although he had long retired from the field, to appear in Friday's and Saturday's bullfights. He appeared dressed in blue, embroidered with silver; his gray hair was gathered into a knot behind; and over his pure white shirt waved a long, red cravet. On the fourth bull being let loose he advanced toward the royal box to request permision to encounter it. All the *toreros* clustered round him to protect him. The bull is attracted toward Salamanchino, who holds his scarlet mantle in one hand and his sword in the other.

The struggle commences, but Casas is old, he is not firm on his legs, his muscles are not supple, his arm is not sure. Twice the bull throws him down. He is thought to be dead, but he is up again and returns to the fight. There is a cry of "*Fuera!*" and pocket-handkerchiefs are waved to stop him; but the obstinate *matador* wishes to win a last laurel. Fortune however, is unpropitious; seven times he attacks the bull, seven times he misses it. According to custom, after seven unsuccessful attacks, the bull's life is safe, and, shaking its streamers, may re-enter the "*Toril*" amid the applause of the spectators; while, on the other hand its unfortunate combatant is hissed.

A Chinese Tea Plantation.

We take the following account of a visit to a Chinese tea plantation from an article in *St. Nicholas Magazine:* Breakfast over, we jumped ashore again, and, desiring to conduct our sight-seeing systematically, started for the fields. First we walked to the foot of a hill a little distance off, where some men in short cotton trousers and jackets were laying out a new plantation. The ground was accurately marked off, and in one place the little plants, only an inch or two in height, were just showing above the ground. In another, the seeds—little round balls they looked like—were being planted in the rows. Passing another field, where some men were at work with their hoes in true Chinese style, stopping every few moments to smoke their pipes, we came at last to where the plants had attained some size and the actual picking was going on. The plants themselves were from two to six feet high, according to age, and from repeated cuttings down had grown into dense masses of small twigs. Many of them were covered with little white flowers, somewhat similar to the jasmine, and seeds inclosed in a casing not unlike that of the hazelnut, but thinner and full of oil. Charley thought they looked like little laurel bushes; to me, those that had been well picked were not unlike huckleberry bushes, only the leaves were, of course, a much darker green. The first picking, usually in April, is when the leaves are very young and tender, commanding a much higher price than those subsequently plucked. The second is a month later, when they have attained maturity; and as unpropitious weather would be likely to ruin them, great expedition is used in getting in the crop the entire population turning out to assist. A third, and even a fourth, follows; but the quality rapidly deteriorates, and but a small proportion of these last pickings is prepared for export.

The plantations were filled with a merry crowd, composed principally of women and children, all engaged in stripping the bushes as rapidly as possible, yet with great care and dexterity, so as not to bruise the leaves. They looked up from their work and screamed to each other in their harsh guttural tones, casting glances of astonishment at the barbarians. Following some of the coolies, who with filled bags were trudging off to the curing-house, we saw the most interesting operation of all. Here, at least thirty young girls were engaged in assorting the leaves, picking out all the dead and yellow ones, and preparing them for the hands of the rollers and firers. Our entrance excited quite a commotion among the damsels, as we probably the first barbarians they had seen, and we had the reputation of living entirely on fat babies. A word from Akong, who had joined us, re-assured them, and in a few minutes Charley was airing his little stock of Chinese, mare, I thought, to their amusement than their edification. Leaving this room we went into another where the curing was in progress. On one side extended a long furnace built of bricks, with large iron pans placed at equal distances, and heated by charcoal fires below. Into these pans leaves by the basketful were poured, stirred rapidly for a few minutes, and then removed to large bamboo frames, where they were rolled and kneaded until all the green juice was freed. They were then scattered loosely in large, flat baskets, and placed in the sun to dry. Subsequently, the leaves were again carried to the furnaces and exposed to a gentle heat, until they curled and twisted themselves into the shapes so familiar to you all. Some of the finer kinds often prepared for exportation are rolled over by hand before being fired. The great object appears to be to prevent the leaf from breaking; hence, in the commoner kinds and those intended for home consumption, which do not receive the same care, the leaves are found to be very much broken. In fact, the preparation of this latter sort is very simple: a mere drying in the sun, after which it presents a dry, broken appearance, like autumn leaves.

Music at the Paris Exposition.

Gen. Torben, United States consul general at Paris, has transmitted to Governor McCormick, commissioner-general of the United States to the Paris exposition, full details of the proposed international musical festival, which is to take place in connection with the exposition The invitation to participate in these entertainments has already been accepted by England, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Prussia and other European nations. All lists of authors, and, so far as possible, the names of the pieces of music to be performed, must be sent in as early as the 1st of May. The French commissioner-general, however, reserves the right to revise the lists if he shall find it necessary for the purpose of excluding anything calculated to provoke political manifestations or to wound national sensibilities. Changes in the programmes or additions to them may also be made after the 1st of May by permission of the commissioner-general. No applications will be received by the French authorities from individuals or associations, unless presented through their respective commissioners-general. No question will be raised as to the nationality of the performers. They will be regarded as representing the country under whose flag they are presented.

The Grande Salle du Trocadero, which will accommodate nearly five thousand people, as well as a smaller concert room in the same building, will be placed at the disposal of the performers free of charge. The receipts of each concert will belong to the nation by which it is given; but from these receipts must be paid all the incidental expenses, except those pertaining to the police arrangements, which will be assumed by the French government.

Each country must provide for its own wants with respect to orchestral or other accompaniments.

The music of living composers can be presented only by the nations to which they respectively belong, but out of regard to the exigencies of those countries which have been relatively unproductive of music, the works of dead composers may be selected at will by any nation.

Applications will be made for a reduction of the rates of transportation for persons and material from the French ports to Paris, and the suspension of the rights of authors and editors will also be requested by the French commissioner-general.

The main objects sought in giving this festival are variety of musical composition, excellence of execution and the expression of character and sentiment as translated in music. The French authorities are earnest in the desire that the United States may be represented with an ample programme.—*New York Herald.*

Would Vouch for Him.

A hilarious sort of a man who does business on Griswold street, says the *Detroit Free Press*, entered the office of an acquaintance the other day, and asked for the loan of twenty-five dollars. The gentleman hated to refuse, but yet forced himself to say:

"I have the money, but if I let you have it my family will want for food before Saturday night.

"Shoo! I guess not! You let me have the money, and if you get out of provisions I'll take you to a grocery where they'll trust you for thirty days on my vouching for your integrity, and I'll do the vouching, though it's a thing I seldom do for anybody, owing to the risk."

"But—but," stammered the other.

"And I've got a barrel of carrots in my barn," continued the other, "and if worst comes to worst, I'll be hanged if I don't give you the pile! I wont see a man starve after he's done me a favor!"

It was like pulling teeth, but he got the money.

"Ten dimes make one dollar," said the schoolmaster. "Now go on, sir. Ten dollars make one—what?" "They make one mighty glad, these times," replied the boy, and the teacher, who hadn't got his last month's salary yet, concluded the boy was about right.

Too Much Pressure.

Governor Tom Young tells a good story of how "J. N.," the long-haired nomad of theorizing propensities, recently "assumed the pressure" and then crawled out from under it.

The day before the hanging of Bergin the governor was sitting in his office, very busy with some papers pertaining to the case, when a loud, vigorous knock shook the door, and, before an invitation to enter could be given, in came the philosopher, and marched boldly up to the executive, whom he addressed by his Christian name in a familiar manner. He threw himself into a chair, and said:

"Tom, I've come up here to martyr."

"How so?" inquired the governor.

"I assume the entire pressure," returned "J. N." "Throw it all onto me. Let Bergin go, and have me shot in his place. That'll fetch 'em—they can't hold out—must come right square down and accept the truth. It's just the opportunity I've been searching for all these years, and I can't let her slip. Bergin is a common man—I ain't—let him go, and take my blood for atonement. I want to martyr—you catch the idea—that's enough. Here I am."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure," said the governor; "but are you in earnest? Do you really mean it?"

"Do I mean it? You know me well enough, Tom Young, to know that I'm always in earnest. Call in your menials and have me bound at once. Bring on your chains, and send word to the reporters. Pile the pressure all onto me—every bit of it—I assume it all."

"All right," said the governor, with an impressive voice, "you shall be accommodated. Get ready to die to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

A messenger was sent out to bring in the judge to prepare the necessary papers for making the desired change in the proceedings. In a few minutes a justice of the peace, who had been posted, was brought in and introduced as the "judge." He expostulated with "J. N.," and endeavored, with well simulated emotion, to persuade him from his rash purpose. The "immortal" wouldn't budge a peg from his firm resolve. He had come to martyr, and he'd do it if it killed him; that's the kind of a philosopher he was. So, with groans and sighs and watery eyes, the "judge" went ahead and filled out the documents. Everything was now ready, and the formalities all completed except the signature of "J. N." to the paper. By this time the old fellow was pretty thoroughly convinced that the proceedings meant business in earnest, and he became visibly nervous and ill at ease.

"Sign your name," said the officer, sternly, "and then you can go at once to your quarters in the dungeon, and a clergyman will be sent to you."

"I want it distinctly understood," remarked the martyr, rising, "I don't want to be hung—I want to be shot."

"You shall be," said the governor, "to-morrow, at noon."

"Hold on, now, governor," said the now thoroughly frightened philosopher, with blanched cheek, "that's hurrying the cattle a little too much—I didn't think you'd be that brash. Before I sign that paper I want a respite for thirty days, to wash up and get ready."

"You can't get it. The time set for the obsequies can not be postponed," said the governor.

"Then I'll be blamed if I'll martyr at all, and Bergin can fill his own appointment. I won't be snapped off in that way, without any time to get my last words ready, and write out a few interviews for the press. That wouldn't do the cause a particle of good, and I'm working for the good of the cause. I didn't expect to make a cent out of this thing myself, and so I throw up and back down. You can tear them papers up—I won't sign 'em at all," and the philosopher bolted from the room, and left the city with more precipitation than he had ever done before.—(*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

Old Faithful.

Argus was an old watch-dog, and belonged to a farmer's family in Albany, N. H. Having long outlived his usefulness (as it was presumed), his owners had determined to put him out of the way, and had several times disposed of him, they thought, but he had always returned to them alive and well.

Finally a neighbor called one day, with his rifle in his hand. He had been out after a fox. One of the boys laid in with him to take Argus out in the woods and shoot him. The old dog was always crazy to follow a gun. He lay in the shed and heard the conversation, and when, finally the rifleman called to him, he got up and followed him out,—followed him around to the rear of the barn, and there disappeared.

It would seem that he understood exactly the meaning of the compact which had been framed against his life. At all events, he disappeared, and for six days we saw him not, though two or three times we fancied we could detect his tracks, where he had been at the swill-tub during the night.

The seventh night of the dog's absence was the night of Saturday. During the day soap had been made and boiled down, and a heavy baking done in the old oven. Somewhere past midnight all hands were aroused by the barking and howling, and whining and scratching of old Argus. We knew the voice, but were determined not to let him in. He redoubled his cries and his scratching upon the door.

At length the head of the family, in his wrath, took down a loaded musket,—loaded for a hawk,—threw up a window of the sitting-room. No sooner was the sash raised than the old dog came in with a bound, and without stopping to see what his reception was to be, he leaped through the door opening from the great kitchen out into the washroom and wood-shed, where he howled and scratched like one possessed.

John and I knew that something must be wrong outside, so we unfastened the door, and as we opened it the dog bounded out to the shed, where there was a great wooden box half filled with ashes.

But we had to go no further to learn what was the matter. The shed was filled with smoke, and a sharp crackling broke upon our ears. The ash-box was on fire, from coals which had been carelessly thrown in during the afternoon before, and the fire had taken to the dry pine partition between the shed and wash-room, and had made its way almost to the roof.

A smart wind was blowing, and in ten minutes more the fire would have been beyond our control, and those ten minutes would have been given to the enemy but for the dog. As it was, having water handy, we put out the fire with only the loss of an ash-box and a part of the partition; but the experience gained was worth more than that.

Grand old dog! He had crept to the house to satisfy his hunger from the poor swill-bucket fearing death if he were discovered; but when he found danger to the family,—a danger which he must have comprepended, instantly, and completely,—he thought no more of self; to save those whom he had loved became his sole object, and how he did it we have seen. Be sure there was no more thoughts of killing that dog, nor of giving him away.

A Change of Climate.

Yesterday morning a forlorn cricket that had been tempted out of doors by the warm weather of the preceding days was shivering along the streets looking at a cheap second-hand ulster and wishing that he were home, when he met a wasp that had been locked out during the fall house-cleaning.

"I am almost frozen," said the cricket, "my hands are fairly numb with cold."

"Put them in my coat-tail pockets," replied the wasp, cheerfully, "and warm 'em."

The cricket did so, and the wasp immediately warmed him with the improved heating machinery located in the after part of his system. The cricket merely paused to remark that there appeared to be a cayenne pepper manufactory in the neighborhood, crawled under the plank walk to die, while the wasp, who was fond of his little joke, went away singing merrily, "Come, come away to the try-sting place."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Congressional Bear Hunter.

Mr. Pacheco, of California, whose claim to a seat in the House of Representatives at Washington was decided in favor of Wigginton, is an expert with the lasso and a wonderful rider. In giving an account of some of his experiences recently he said:

"Once I was out with three of the boys trailing a bear. He passed up a ravine. Three went at the head of it to drive him out. I waited at the foot. I did not have to wait long. A horse knows when a grizzly is coming. My horse planted himself, and I could hear his heart go pound! pound! as the bushes cracked, and a huge bear emerged and charged. I was ready. I lass'ed him, and caught his fore foot, and then dashed off to the right, but my lasso trailed around a tree. I saw in a second that an instant would bring the grizzly and me together. I dropped the lasso like a shot, and my horse sprang away as if the devil was at his heels. The bear jumped down in a gully where there was a small creek and wallowed there. He had my rope upon him still, and I hated to lose it. The grizzly was about ten feet down. The boys came up, and we rode along the edge of the gully watching for a chance to lass' him. I rode up right over him, feeling perfectly secure at that height. The bear glanced once at me sideways. Bears never look straight at you. Then, in a second, before I could breathe after the look, he sprang from the bed of the creek to the haunch of my horse. I went on to the horse's neck in a second. I was never so scared in my life. But the boys was as quick as lee. Scarcely had he struck my horse than two lassos reached him and dragged him off. Then we soon despatched him. But it was a close call.

"The only time I was ever whipped out and out by a bear occurred in 1840. A dead whale had drifted ashore near our place, and the odor of it extended inland many miles. It brought out many bears, as they are very fond of eating this kind of carrion. There was a tremendous bear that was spotted coming down one evening. Bears, you know, do not move until dusk and after. A party of us, fifteen in all, went out to the bluff overhanging the sea, and there resolved to wait for the bear's return. The path leading down was all greasy and slippery with whale's blubber. It was a beautiful moonlight night, clear and soft. We grouped about the head of the path and waited. It was not long. He was below, and scenting us, came up at once for attack. I saw his head above the bluff when we least expected him, and sang 'Here he is, boys!' as I sent my lasso whistling for him. Then began one of the most remarkable fights I ever encountered. The bear was powerful, and so greasy that our lassos slipped off when he did not snap them with his powerful jaws. He charged us and fought out of every entanglement for one hour and a half, until we, dripping with perspiration, our horses blown and lassos destroyed, were glad to retire and escape without loss of life. But such a defeat is unusual. It is a rare phenomenon to find a bear that has the strength to go through such a fight and not become cowed. In general, after the first struggle, a bear loses his courage."

The New Silver Dollar.

We give in the above two cuts a representation of the new silver dollar now being coined. It is the work of Mr. George E. Morgan, an English engraver, who has been in the employ of the United States since October, 1876. His design was the one selected from the two specimens submitted to the finance committee at Washington and was chosen on account of its beauty of engraving. The new dollar is two per cent. lighter than the trade dollar, but there is no noticeable difference in either the size or weight of the two coins. Our cuts show the actual size of the "Morgan dollar." The coinage of the new dollar was directed by the silver bill recently passed in Congress, and the mints will coin as rapidly as possible. It will take some time, however, for the new coin to become circulated all over the country.

Facts and Figures About New York.

New York city's population is about 1,200,000. The number of families living in the city is 185,789; dwelling houses, 67,200; houses containing three or more families are classed as tenements and number 20,000, with a population of 500,000. Of this number 523,198 were born in the United States, while forty different nationalities supply a foreign population of 419,094. During the past year there were 50,000 marriages, 35,000 births, and 30,709 deaths. The total value of property within the city limits is set down as $1,101,092,093, paying taxes to the amount of $32,000,000.

There are 489 places of religious worship—one church for every 2,045 of the population. There are 418 Sabbath schools with an attendance of 115,826 pupils. 122,997 children are instructed in the public schools at an expense of nearly $4,000,000. A careful estimate gives ten thousand children living in the streets uncared for.

Of drinking saloons, licensed and otherwise, there are 7,874, absorbing about $60,000,000 a year, while the total cost of supporting the 489 churches is less than $5,000,000 per annum. This would give each boy and girl in the city a capital of $300 to start life with. To these saloons is chargeable seventy-five per cent, of the pauperism and crime of the city. The city authorities—the commissioners of public charities and correction—require $500,000 annually to maintain the public institutions—the almshouses, hospitals, and prisons.

There were 92,830 arrests by the police during the past year. Of the 47,569 persons committed to the city prison, 35,676 were of intemperate habits.

The police stations lodged 185,124 persons; 22,782 out-door poor were relieved.—*New York Sun.*

Brains and Skulls.

The average weight of the brain of a fish, compared with the weight of its body, is as 1 to 5,668; that of a reptile, 1 to 1,321; a bird, 1 to 212; a monkey, 1 to 20; a horse, 1 to 768. The average weight of the brain of a man, compared with that of his body, is ordinarily as 1 to 50. Cuvier, the celebrated French naturalist, had the heaviest brain on record; it weighed sixty-four and one-third ounces. The next heaviest was that of Daniel Webster, which weighed sixty-three and three-quarter ounces; and the next was the brain of Ruloff, the Binghampton (N. Y.) murderer, which turned the scales at fifty-nine ounces. After the death of Mr. Webster it was discovered that his brain was diseased. The cavity of his skull contained one hundred and twenty-two cubic inches, while the cavity of Ruloff's cranium measured one hundred and twenty cubic inches. This latter fact is an argument in favor of the theory that, however much the brain may be the organ of intelligence, we cannot judge a man's morality from the weight of his brain or the size of his skull.—*Professor William Hammond.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

The railroad bridge over the Raritan river at New Brunswick, N. J.—a wooden structure 2500 feet long—caught fire near the draw and was almost totally destroyed.

The pergie ship Alabama, lying in the harbor of South Bristol, Me., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $50,000.

The large commission and "packing house of Ashael Troth & Co., Philadelphia, has suspended.

The Home Savings Bank, of Boston, has suspended. It is believed the depositors will be paid in full, but a long time will be required to wind up its affairs.

A fire in Jersey City, N. J., destroyed five dwellings and made over one hundred families destitute. Loss on buildings and to occupants, about $25,000.

Robert McAdam and Charles Patton, boys aged about twelve years, quarreled in Philadelphia over the possession of a stick of candy. Patton drew a pistol and shot McAdam through the head, instantly killing him.

The election in New Hampshire resulted in a victory for the Republicans. Governor Prescott was re-elected, and a Republican legislature and council were also chosen.

Three buildings of the American Powder Company, at South Acton, Mass., were completely demolished by an explosion, and two men, named Foster and Turpenty, were instantly killed. So heavy was the shock of the explosion that it was heard for a distance of twenty-five miles.

Jehial Reed & Co., wholesale hat dealers, and Joseph H. Marks, commission merchant, of New York city, have suspended, the former owing $200,000 and the latter $110,000.

Benjamin Noyes, who was indicted in New Jersey more than a year ago for his acts as president of the National Capital Life Insurance Company, in connection with the transfer of assets of the New Jersey Mutual Life Insurance Company, and whose bail at that time was declared forfeited because he did not appear when wanted, was rearrested in Washington and taken to Newark, N. J.

The Pennsylvania Senate has passed a bill creating a banking department, whose duty it shall be to annually examine into the soundness and stability of the State's incorporated banks.

Students of the Princeton (N. J.) Theological Seminary were attacked by Princeton College students and two of them severely beaten. Six of the college boys were arrested.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Leggett, a wealthy widow residing in Tuckahoe, N. Y., was shot and instantly killed in the garden of her daughter by a neighbor named Theron Merritt, who then hurried to his own house and shot himself through the heart. The parties to the tragedy were related by marriage, and Merritt had been paying attentions to the deceased, but the cause of the double crime remains a mystery. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that Merritt was suffering from temporary aberration of mind.

The Newburyport (Mass.) Five-Cent Savings Bank has been enjoined by the State bank commissioner from doing further business.

Western and Southern States.

In Harrison, Ohio, at a town hall meeting, a new gasoline machine was being tested by persons unskilled in its operation, when it exploded, killing F. Rapp, member of the town council, and a little girl. Mrs. Probst and F. Fisher, were dangerously injured and many others slightly hurt.

A severe snow storm in Nebraska began on the 16th and continued for three days. The Union Pacific railroad was blockaded by snow and all traffic ceased. Great loss of cattle is reported.

Eleven buildings were destroyed by fire at Hulbardston, Mich., and a loss incurred of $11,000.

The Farmers' and Traders' Bank, of Lexington, Ky., has suspended payments. Its deposits aggregate $80,000.

The recent heavy snow storm in Nebraska and Wyoming Territory was one of unprecedented severity, and numerous persons—ranchmen, sheep herders and others—lost their lives, while the loss of live stock is very large.

The State Bank of Arkansas, at Hot Springs, has gone into liquidation, in consequence of losses during the recent fire.

A heavy storm of hail and rain in Jefferson county, W. Va., destroyed thousands of acres of wheat and other grains, unroofed and blew down houses and killed cattle. The loss will reach over $150,000.

The new Virginia funding bill has passed in the State Senate—ayes, 29; nays, 5. The preamble opposes increase of taxation, recognizes the necessity of preserving and insuring the continued existence of the institutions of the State, including the public school system, and expresses the willingness and anxiety to effect the former equality of the public creditors by distributing ratably among them the entire excess of public revenues derived from the present rate of taxation, after a most economical administration of the whole statement. He points

A party of men who were lynching a colored man, at Pensacola, Fla., for assaulting a little girl, were fired upon by a sheriff's posse; one man was killed and five were dangerously wounded.

It is reported that Sitting Bull is preparing for another Indian war.

From Washington.

Many petitions from printers and publishers in all parts of the country, asking for the abolition of the duty on type, have been received recently by Congress. Type-founders from all parts of the country have presented petitions also against a reduction of the duty.

A large delegation of workmen from the different navy yards of the country held an interview with the secretary of the treasury in regard to the enforcement of the eight-hour law.

The President has nominated John V. Hoyt, of Wisconsin, to be governor of Wyoming Territory.

The act amending the laws granting pensions to the soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812 and their widows has been approved by the President.

The director of the mint has inform the House committee on coinage that the capacity of the mints would be doubled by the erection of two new mints and the reopening of the old mint at New Orleans.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, recently called up in the Senate the bill to provide for a commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic. It authorizes the President to appoint, by and with the advice of the Senate, a commission of five persons, who shall be selected solely with reference to personal fitness and capacity for an honest, impartial and thorough investigation into the alcoholic liquor traffic, primarily, in its relations to revenue, and also to taxation, and its general economic and scientific respects in connection with the public and general welfare of the people. The commissioners are to serve without salary, but the bill appropriates $10,000 for the necessary and incidental expenses of the commission. The bill was adopted.

At a recent meeting of the cabinet the principal subject of consideration was the draft of a letter prepared by Secretary Evarts, and to be sent to the governments of all the Latin union countries. The letter is in accordance with the section of the silver bill, providing for an international conference to determine the relative values of the bi-metallic standards.

The house committee on post-offices and post roads has under consideration a new scheme for the classification of mail matter.

The state department has received official intelligence, from Constantinople, of the discontinuance of the blockade on the Black sea.

The House committee on education and labor has instructed Mr. Goode, the chairman, to report a bill providing that the net proceeds of sales of public lands shall forever be consecrated and set apart for the education of the people. The act is not to have any effect to repeal, impair or suspend any law authorizing the pre-emption of public lands or the entry of public lands for homesteads, nor as limiting in any manner the power of Congress to alter or extend the right of homestead upon such lands, nor shall it be held to limit or abridge the power of Congress over the public domain or interfere with granting bounty lands.

The President has nominated William S. Choate to be United States judge for the Southern district of New York.

Foreign News.

A dispatch from Trieste says the Austrian steamer Sphinx, from Cavallo, with 2,500 Circassians on board, caught fire and went ashore near Cape Elia. Five hundred lives were lost.

The Kaffirs at Cape Town, Africa, were defeated by the British in a severe engagement and had many killed.

John Tammore, foreman of Riordan's pulp mills, Merrion, Ontario, was instantly killed and two others seriously injured by an explosion of dynamite.

A London dispatch says: Trustworthy private advices from India state that the Mohammedans are greatly excited in consequence of the overthrow of Turkey. Serious trouble is even apprehended unless the government takes some anti-Russian action shortly. It is believed that 200,000 Moslem volunteers to serve against Russia could be raised without difficulty.

The surrender of insurgent Cubans continues.

About forty miners were killed by an explosion in a colliery near Bolton, England.

The king of Greece was entertained by General Grant, at luncheon, on board the United States steamer Vandalia, at Athens.

Cassagnac, the well known French editor of fighting proclivities, has fought another duel with a Republican deputy, at Paris.

The storerooms in course of erection at the Woolwich dockyard, London, covering an acre of ground, suddenly collapsed while the laborers were buried in the debris. All were quickly rescued, but many of them were seriously injured.

The first batch of new silver dollars—ten thousand in number—was received at the treasury department, and three thousand of them were paid out in exchange for gold. Secretary Sherman, by whose order silver is only to be sold for gold, takes the ground that to sell it for greenbacks would make the latter payable for customs duties, which, he states, is contrary to law.

Thirty-six persons who were attending a fair at Brest, France, were drowned by the capsizing of a barge.

Subscriptions for a new issue of 50,000,000 roubles were opened at St. Petersburg, and the amount is said to have been immediatly subscribed.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Senate.

A large number of petitions remonstrating against the transfer of the control of the life-saving service from the treasury to the navy department, protesting against the passage of any bill to impose a tax on incomes, and urging the appointment of a commission to inquire into the alcoholic liquor traffic were presented.

The House bill making appropriations for the West Point military academy was reported.

Mr. Conkling, from the committee on commerce, reported a bill in aid of a Polar expedition designed by James Gordon Bennett.

Mr. Blaine addressed the Senate in regard to the Halifax fishery award of $5,500,000 against the United States, urging that the award was excessive and should not be paid. A bill providing for a commission on the alcoholic liquor question was passed by a vote of 29 to 19. Adjourned.

Mr. Thurman, from the committee on the judiciary, reported a bill prohibiting members of Congress from becoming sureties for government contractors. Mr. Conkling called up the Senate bill in aid of a Polar expedition, designed by James Gordon Bennett, and reported from the committee on commerce on the previous day, and it was passed unanimously without debate. It authorizes the secretary of the treasury to issue an American register to the vessel purchased by James Gordon Bennett, under the name of Jeannette, and also authorizes the President of the United States to detail, with their own consent, commissioners, warrant, and petty officers of the navy, not to exceed ten in number to act as officers of said vessel during her first voyage to the Arctic seas; provided, however, that such detail shall be made of such officers only as the President is satisfied can be absent from their regular duties without detriment to the public service. The bill creating in the United States treasury a sinking fund to pay the debts of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroad companies was debated. After executive session the Senate adjourned.

The House bill making appropriations for fortifications and other works of defense was reported. Mr. Kellogg introduced a bill to establish a mint at New Orleans. A bill appropriating $150,000 for damage done to the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, during the war was reported favorably.

A letter from the secretary of the interior in regard to the timber depredations was read, and Mr. Blaine made a speech criticising the course of Secretary Schurz in collecting one dollar per cord, stumpage, in Montana. The West Point appropriation bill was passed with some amendments. Adjourned.

Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, introduced a bill providing for the payment of all customs duties and all other debts due the United States in legal tender notes at par, except in cases where express contract is otherwise agreed on the face of the obligation or contract. Referred to the committee on finance. After further discussion of the Pacific railroad sinking fund bill the Senate adjourned.

House.

Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, offered a joint resolution proposing to amend the constitution so as to authorize the issuing of an indefinite amount of treasury notes to be used to retire United States notes not bearing interest, and bonds of the United States bearing interest, and to be legal tender except where existing contracts call for coin. The diplomatic appropriations bill was considered in committee of the whole, when Mr. Hewitt, of New York attacked the recent fisheries award, and assailed the policy of President Hayes. A joint resolution fixing the time for paying whisky taxes was reported from the committee on ways and means. The naval appropriations bill was reported. It appropriates $14,048,684. A resolution inviting the President to recognize the Diaz government, in Mexico, was offered, but objection was made. An evening session for general debate was held and the House adjourned at 9:50 P. M.

The consular and diplomatic appropriation bill came up for discussion. An amendment restoring the pay of first-class missions to the original amount was rejected. Mr. Reagan, of Texas, made an explanation in regard to the subject of proposed payment of mail route contractors in the South for services rendered previous to the war. He stated that he had forgotten about the legislation in the Confederate Legislature regarding the matter, and hoped the House would not consider he had been dealing unfairly with it. Mr. Conger, of Michigan, disclaimed any intention to reflect upon Mr. Reagan in the matter. The bill granting an American register to the Pandora for the Bennett Arctic exploring expedition was passed. Adjourned.

The bill to extend the time for paying the tax on distilled spirits in bonded warehouses was discussed and amended so as to require that the tax paid shall be the same as when put in bond. Adjourned.

"Radix," in one of his recent New York letters, makes a good point apropos of life insurance investigations and troubles generally, by calling attention to the fallacy of judging of the reliability of companies according to their bulk. Many such institutions seek to dazzle the public eye by printing their large gross assets in the heaviest type, and by laying great stress upon the nominal millions under their control to win confidence and prevent any close analysis of the whole statement. He points out the plain, but often forgotten fact, that given conceding the equally good quality of the assets of two companies, it is not necessarily the one with the most millions which is safest for the policy holder, but the one whose net surplus bears the largest ratio to its whole property. Judged from this sound and searching principal, "Radix" finds the Ætna Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, to be one of the strongest, if not the very strongest, institutions of the kind in the country. With a little over twenty-four millions of assets, it has about four and a quarter millions of clear surplus. The special commission appointed by the Legislature of Connecticut a year ago to investigate all the life insurance companies of that State, say of the Ætna that it is "not only solvent, but financially sound, and under the management of officers and directors of large experience, sound judgment, and unblemished character, and entitled to the entire confidence of policy holders, and the public." Taking the above facts and this official indorsement together, it is evident that the writer's estimate of the Ætna is one that can be everywhere safely indorsed.

Words of Wisdom.

There is no hair so little that it casts no shade.

The dust never rises so fiercely as when it is just about to be crushed into total quiescence by a tempest.

Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door.

Flattery sits in the parlor, while plain dealing is knocked out of doors.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

Trust him little who smilingly praises all alike, him less who sneeringly censures all alike, him least who is coldly indifferent to all alike.

W should learn, by reflection on the misfortunes which have attended others, that there is nothing singular in those which befall ourselves.

A more glorious victory can not be gained over another man than this, that when the injury begins on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physic, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art.

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat in it still grinds on, but then it is itself it grinds and slowly wears away.

If thou art rich then show the greatness of thy fortune, or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed and patronize the neglected.

An Excellent Varnish for Harness.

Procure at the druggist's or apothecary's store half a pound or a pound of gum shellac, according to the quantity desired; break the scales fine, and put them into a jug or bottle; add good alcohol sufficient to cover the gum; cork tight